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THE



MISSILE

VETERANS ISSUE
MAY, 1946

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THE MISSILE

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THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXXIV

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1946

No. 1

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Class Poem

Anchored Ships

By FRED FLETCHER

*The old ship's crew has reached its homeward
shore,*

The anchor slips, the engines palpitate.

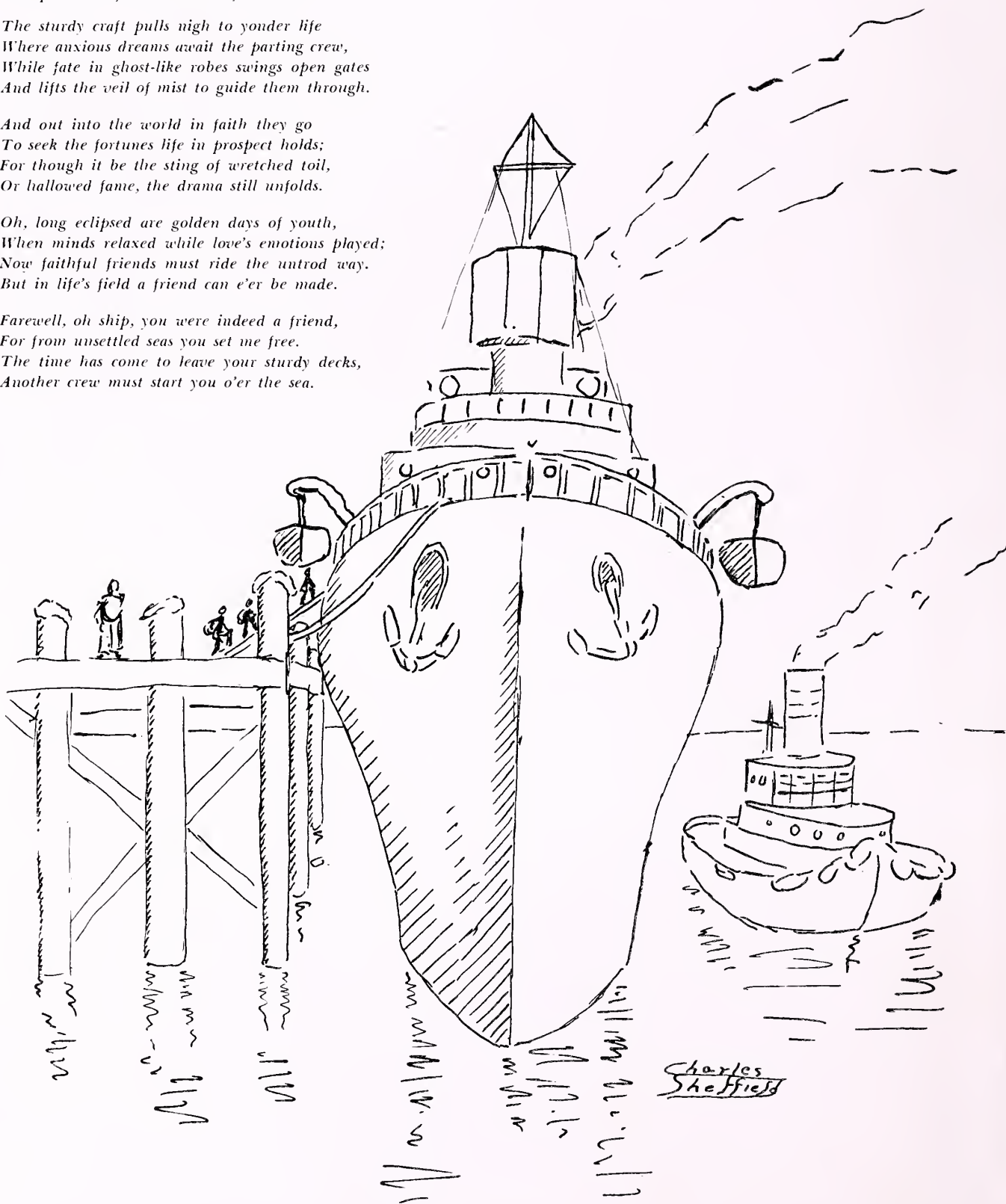
*They wait in doubt upon the rolling deck
In aspiration of an unknown fate.*

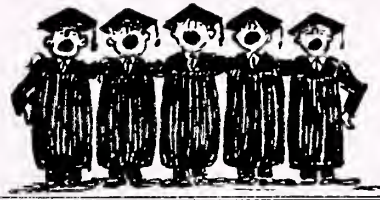
*The sturdy craft pulls nigh to yonder life
Where anxious dreams await the parting crew,
While fate in ghost-like robes swings open gates
And lifts the veil of mist to guide them through.*

*And out into the world in faith they go
To seek the fortunes life in prospect holds;
For though it be the sting of wretched toil,
Or hallowed fame, the drama still unfolds.*

*Oh, long eclipsed are golden days of youth,
When minds relaxed while love's emotions played;
Now faithful friends must ride the untrod way.
But in life's field a friend can e'er be made.*

*Farewell, oh ship, you were indeed a friend,
For from unsettled seas you set me free.
The time has come to leave your sturdy decks,
Another crew must start you o'er the sea.*





SENIOR SECTION

Calvin Vaughan
Edgar Clinton Goldston

PMS



46

Robert Roach
Elizabeth Ferguson
Mary Joyce Mann
William Preston Fuller



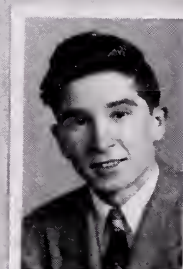
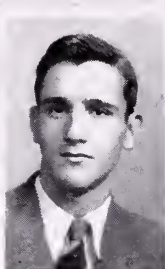
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Lawrence Albert Phelps
Grace Reichard
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Deloise Tennist Holland
Robert King



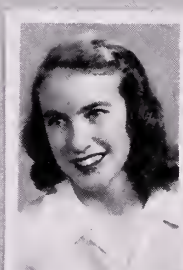
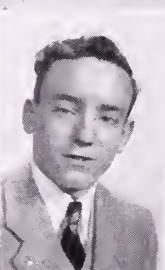
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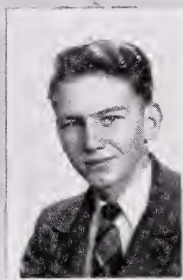


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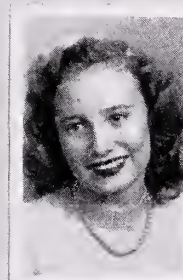
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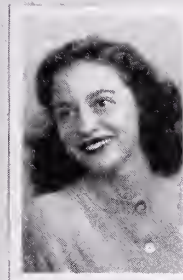
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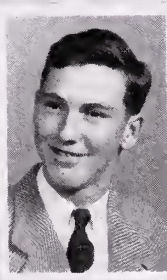
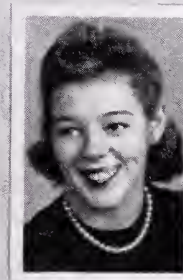
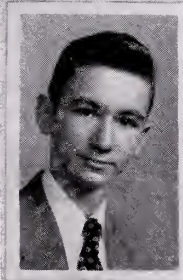
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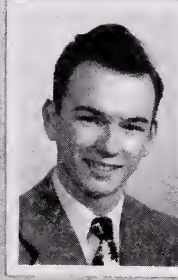
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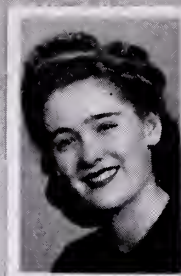
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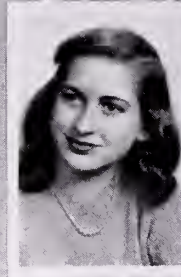
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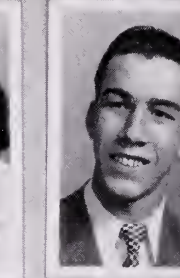
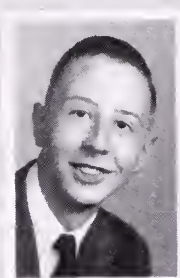


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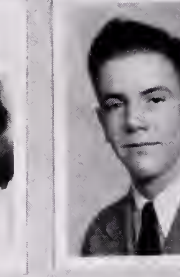
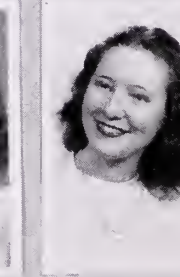
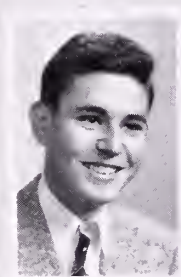
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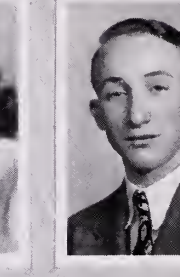
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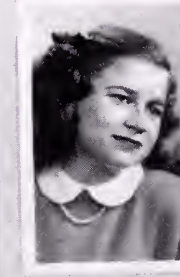
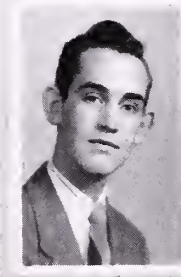
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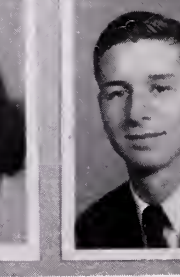
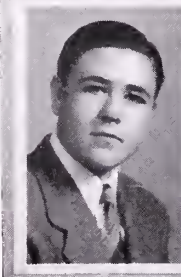
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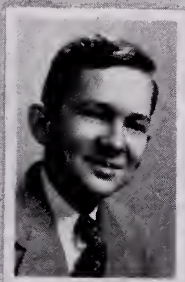


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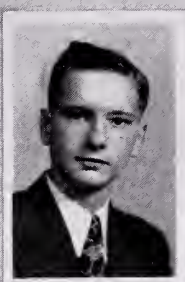




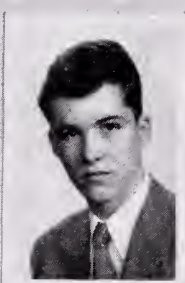
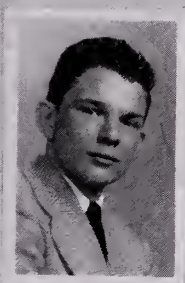
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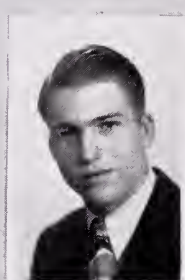
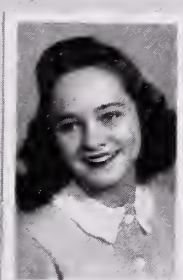
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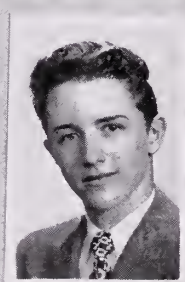
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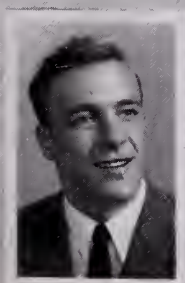
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 Katherine Street
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Seated back from left to right

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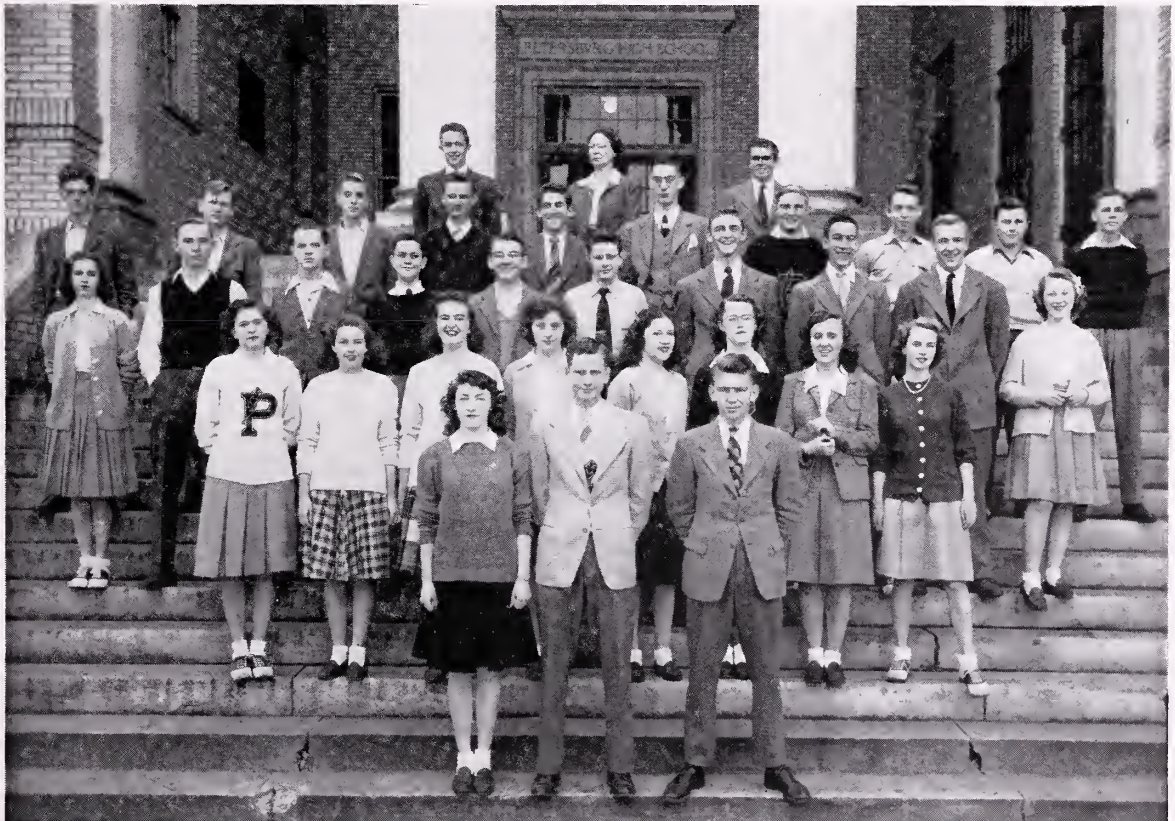
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 Evelyn Eades
 Frances Moore
 Anita Stewart

Second Row
 Betty Snead
 Carolyn Hedrick
 Kathleen Sholes
 Delores Thompson
 Anne Porter
 Louanne Love
 Pattie Ruth Lewis

Third Row
 Mary Kevan Lai
 Katherine Horkan
 Rose Varn
 Harriet Strummingier
 Betty Jane Steger
 Beverly Lewis
 Betty Bentz

Fourth Row
 Miss Jo Keeter
 Nancy Thompson
 Nancy Crumpler
 Charlotte Harris
 Anita Mersel
 Peggy Wommack
 Barbara Saal

HI-Y CLUB

	<i>Fall</i>	<i>Spring</i>
<i>President</i>	BILLY ELLIS	STUART TALBOTT
<i>Vice-President</i>	PAUL WEBB	CHARLES WILLIS
<i>Secretary</i>	DONALD JACOBS	LYNTON GOULDER
<i>Treasurer</i>	CLARENCE COWLES	
<i>Adviser</i>		MR. ED MOTLEY

Front
Mr. Ed Motley

First Row
Paul Webb
Billy Ellis
Donald Jacobs

Second Row
Clarence Cowles
Glenn Wilson
James Smith
Bobby Skalak

Third Row
Allen Pirkle
Bobby McElroy
Lynton Goulder
William Robertson
Paul Gillespie

Fourth Row
Dick Pond
George Mason
Willson Roper
Stuart Talbott

Fifth Row
Wiley Johnson
Richard Halbert
Tom Moore
Charles Willis
Jimmy Boyd
Billy Eudailey
Preston Andrews





<i>President</i>	JEWELL WINSTEAD
<i>Vice-President</i>	BLANCHE COLLETT
<i>Secretary</i>	NAN JONES
<i>Treasurer</i>	PATSY WILSON
<i>Faculty Advisers</i>	MISS SUE MARSHALL
	MRS. BARBARA LESTER

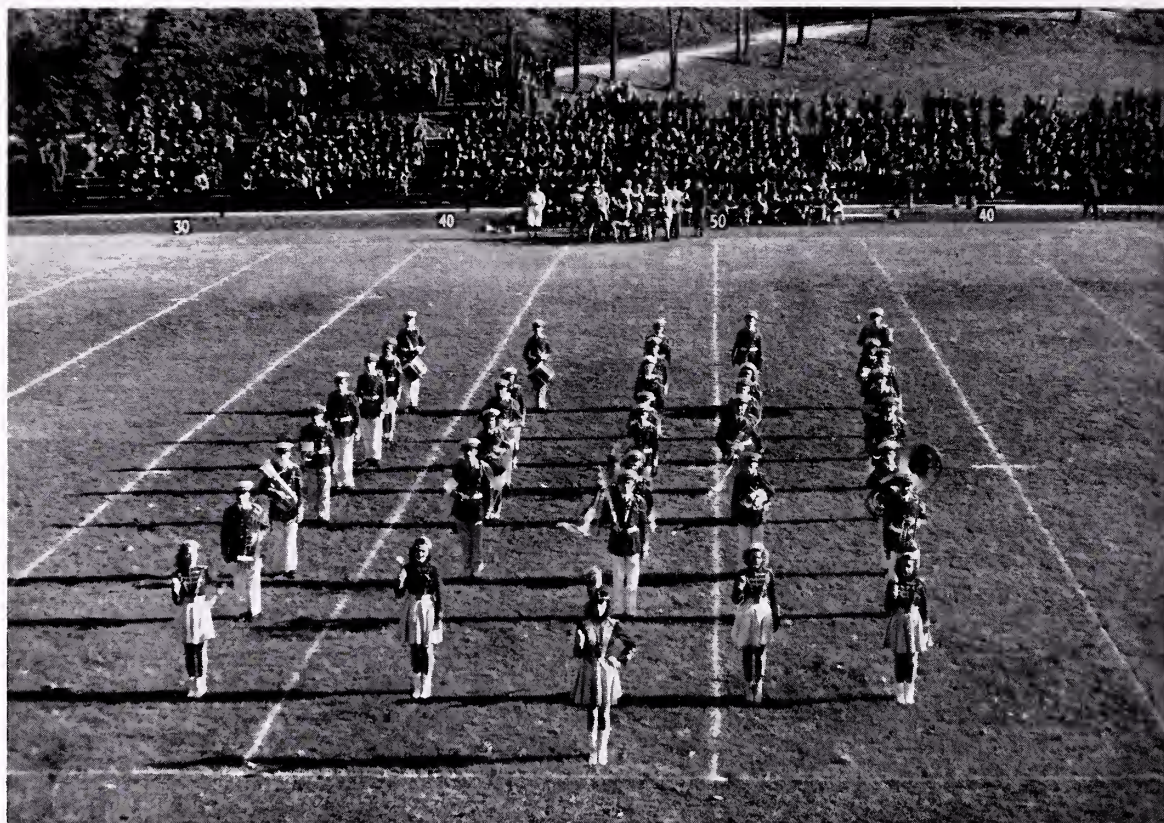
<i>First Row</i>	<i>Fifth Row</i>	<i>Eighth Row</i>
Jewell Winstead	Cecelia Grigg	Jean Dunnivant
<i>Second Row</i>	Peggy Womack	Katherine Street
Blanche Collett	Ann Rodgers	Love Dishman
Patsy Wilson	Carolyn Hedrick	Joy Dishman
		Betty Snead
		Jean Oliver
<i>Third Row</i>	<i>Sixth Row</i>	<i>Ninth Row</i>
Mrs. Barbara Lester	Beverly Lewis	Jean Brown
Marilyn Geiselman	Ann Bonner	Rose Varn
Nan Jones	Mary Kevan Lai	Martha Wood
Caroline Bruner	Shirley Starnes	Charlotte Jones
Miss Sue Marshall		T. T. Edmunds
	<i>Seventh Row</i>	Crit Shepherd
<i>Fourth Row</i>	Mary Bland Dunbar	Jean Mahone
Henrietta Lanier	Evelyn Eades	Jean Phibbs
Jewel O'Farrell	Martha Hinton	Phyllis Edwards
Marie Bulifant	Nannette Ramsey	Louise Perkinson
Charlotte Harris		Lillie Harrison

President BOBBY SKALAK
Faculty Adviser MR. HOWARD S. HOLMES

Starting at the bottom left of the M:

Bobby Skalak	Barbara Saal
Jerry Bradley	Anita Mersel
DeWitt Brooks	Jewell Winstead
Bruner Barksdale	Edgar Parrish
Marion Sparks	Sonny Spain
Henrietta Lanier	Robert Mangum
Betty Bentz	Niles Kitchen
Blanche Collett	Mr. H. S. Holmes





<i>President</i>	MORRIS BROOKS
<i>Vice-President</i>	CONNIE GILL
<i>Student Director</i>	JOE LYMAN
<i>Director</i>	MR. RALPH STRONACH
<i>Section Leaders</i>	RALPH SMALL
	LOUANNE LOVE
	FORREST TRAYLOR
	CHARLES MABON
	JAMES MASON
	JEAN GRIGG
	EDWARD TENCH

First Row
 Connie Gill
 Edward Tench
 Thomas Parham
 Morris Brooks
 Harold Couch
 Rae Nobles
 Louanne Love
 Forrest Traylor

Third Row
 Carolyn Hedrick
 James Mason
 Barbara Magee
 Bobby Birdsong
 Donald Lea
 Jean Grigg
 Zane Traylor
 Gayle Beville

Fourth Row
 Anita Hopkins
 Walter Hutto
 Howard Lum
 William Powers
 Peggy Bishop
 Billy Smith

Second Row
 Lena Frances Simmons
 Mr. Ralph Stronach
 Frances Livesay
 Howard Brooks
 Barbara Harding
 Earl King

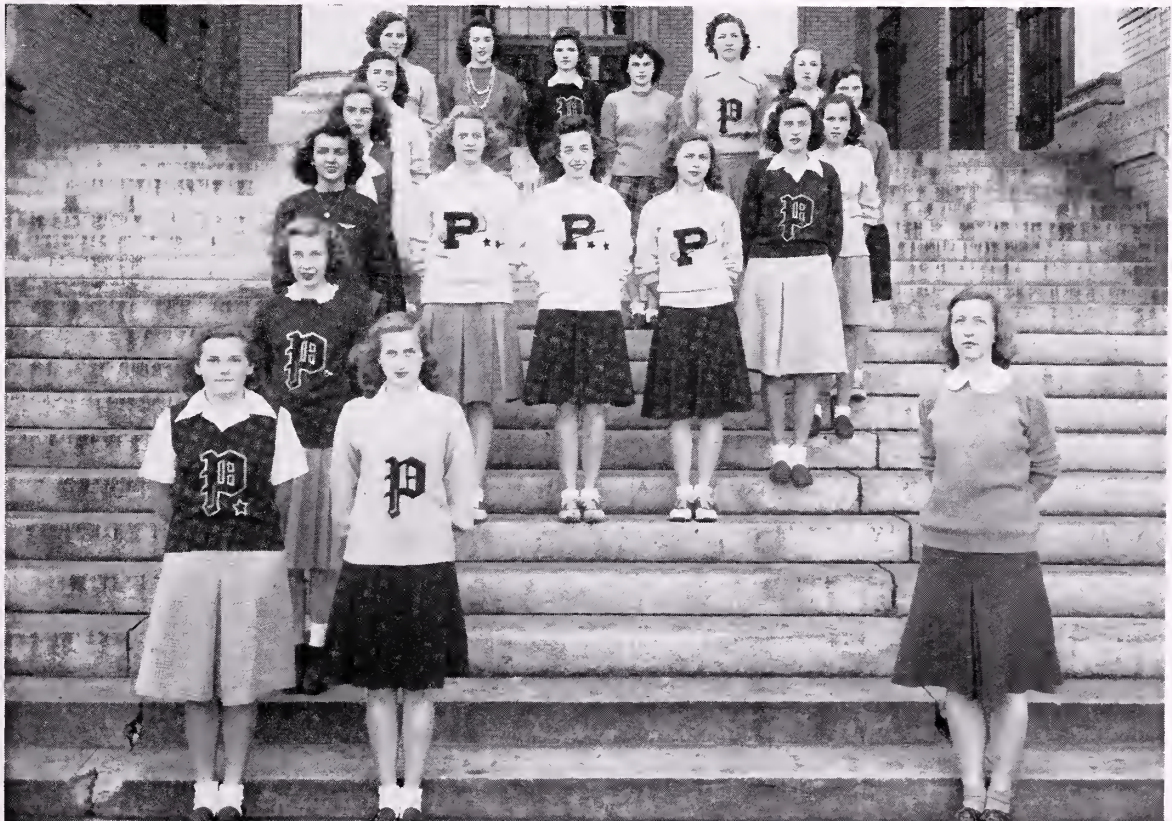
Fifth Row
 Elsie Dunnavant
 Joe Lyman
 Charles Mabon
 Mason Cole
 Billy Ellis
 Ralph Small
 Pattie Ruth Lewis
 Earl Fowlkes

ATHLETIC GIRLS' MONOGRAM CLUB

	<i>Fall</i>	<i>Spring</i>
<i>President</i>	SHIRLEY BRISTOW	JEAN MAHONE
<i>Vice-President</i>	JEAN MAHONE	LOVE DISHWAN
<i>Secretary</i>	CECELIA GRIGG	MARY BLAND DUNBAR
<i>Treasurer</i>	CECELIA GRIGG	CHRISTINE SHEPHERD
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>		MISS ANN VAN LANDINGHAM

Beginning at the bottom of the P and reading clockwise:

Henrietta Lanier
 Shirley Bristow
 Cecelia Grigg
 Jeanne O'Donnell
 Marilyn Geiselman
 Elizabeth Ferguson
 Jeanette Caudie
 Lucy Birdsong
 Shirley Perkinson
 Dolores Elder
 Marion Sparks
 Love Dishman
 Elizabeth Edmunds
 Rebecca Porter
 Mary Bland Dunbar
 Martha Hinton
 Christine Shepherd
 Jean Mahone





	<i>Fall</i>	<i>Spring</i>
<i>President</i>	BILLY RINKER	BOBBY SKALAK
<i>Vice-President</i>	BILLY EUDAILEY	JAMES SMITH
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	PAUL WEBB	CHARLES WILLIS
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>		MR. ED MOTLEY

First Row

Billy Rinker
Mr. Ed Motley

Second Row

George Mason
James Smith
Bobby Skalak

Third Row

Richard Halbert
Harry Taylor
Willson Roper
William Robertson

Fourth Row

Clarence Cowles
Bill White
Charles Willis
Nick Daniels
Bill Stevens

CHEER LEADERS

Head Cheer Leader CHRISTINE SHEPHERD
Faculty Adviser MISS MARY BAILEY

First Row
Christine Shepherd

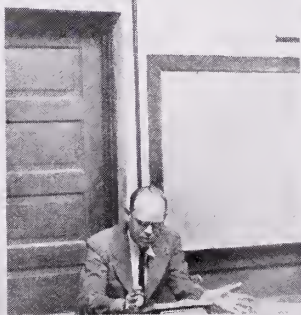
Second Row
Jean Mahone
Elizabeth Edmunds
Martha Hinton
Marilyn Geiselman

Third Row
Jean Oliver
Nannette Ramsey
Sally Woods
Lillie Harrison

Fourth Row
Miss Mary Bailey



P. H. S.



1946

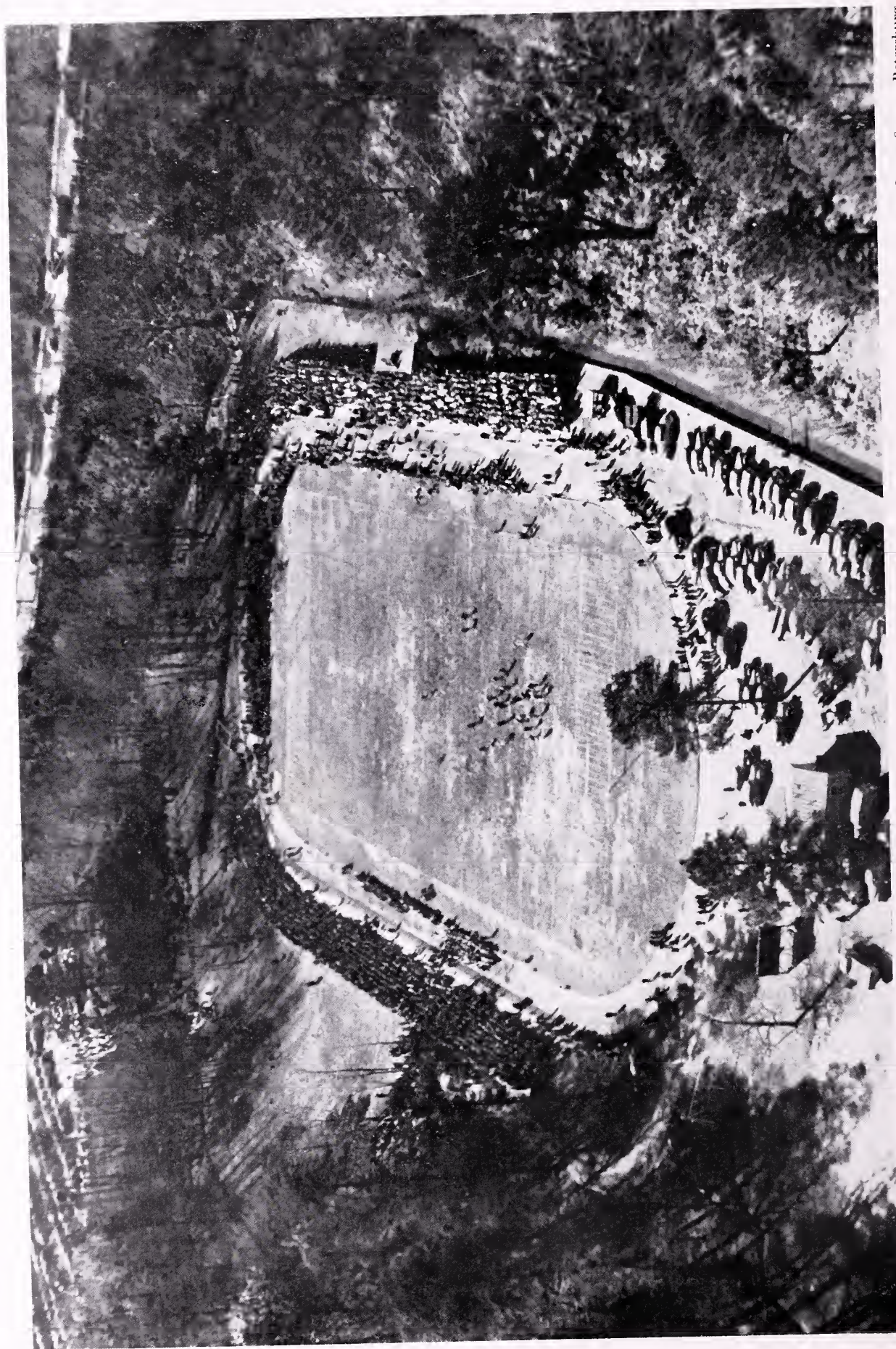
P. H. S.



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1946



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CAMERON FIELD

FOOTBALL TEAM

Co-Captains BILLY RINKER, BOBBY SKALAK
 Coach MR. ROLAND C. DAY
 Assistant Coaches MR. ED MOTLEY AND MR. BOB KILBOURNE

First Row	Second Row	Third Row	Fourth Row
Allen Pirkle	Robert Simmons	Randolph Picardat	John Bowman
Donald Jacobs	Niles Kitchen	Bud Warmesley	Roy Lee Stone
Charles Willis	Bill Stevens	Robert Talbott	Robert Traylor
Paul Webb	Bobby Clements	Ralph Belcher	Preston Jones
James Smith	George Mason	Gene Barlow	Richard Blankenship
Billy Rinker	Bill White	Harry Taylor	Jack Kodrich
Bobby Skalak	Paul Gillespie	Willis Bain	Bill Vaughan
Bobby McElroy	Preston Andrews	Rudy Moser	Jerry Evans
Clarence Cowles	Billy Eudailey	Stuart Talbott	Bob Hoffman
William Robertson	Billy Talley	Ed Talbott	Walter Barnes
William Cizek	Richard Halbert	Ed Halbert	Tom Moore
			Willson Roper

P. H. S. FOOTBALL SCORES — 1945

P. H. S. 53	Blackstone 0	P. H. S. 7	Woodrow Wilson 16
P. H. S. 31	Fork Union M. A. 0	P. H. S. 43	Benedictine 0
P. H. S. 13	Thomas Jefferson 0	P. H. S. 13	Roanoke 0
P. H. S. 13	Hopewell 0	P. H. S. 13	St. Christopher 13
P. H. S. 13	Maury 0	P. H. S. 25	John Marshall 0





Manager GERALD MANN
 Coach MR. BOB KILBOURNE

First Row

Bill Stevens
 Charles Willis
 Clarence Cowles
 James Smith
 Donald Jacobs

Second Row

Willson Roper
 Roy Lee Stone
 Bill Eudailey
 Randolph Picardat
 Aubrey Tucker

P. H. S. BASKETBALL SCORES — 1946

P. H. S. 23	Q. M. School 41	P. H. S. 30	St. Christopher 32
P. H. S. 27	Benedictine 25	P. H. S. 25	Benedictine 23
P. H. S. 21	John Marshall 20	P. H. S. 22	St. Christopher 21
P. H. S. 27	Lynchburg 37	P. H. S. 24	Woodrow Wilson 25
P. H. S. 16	Woodrow Wilson 21	P. H. S. 51	John Marshall 19
P. H. S. 23	Thomas Jefferson 27	P. H. S. 21	Maury 29
P. H. S. 34	Hopewell 15	P. H. S. 27	Thomas Jefferson 37
P. H. S. 31	Maury 41	P. H. S. 45	Hopewell 31
P. H. S. 15	Woodberry Forest..... 35	P. H. S. 32	Lynchburg 34

TRACK TEAM

Manager RICHARD BENTZ
Coach MR. BOB KILBOURNE

First Row

Kenneth Jacobus
Frank Scott
Wallace Cash
Walter Barnes
Clarence Cowles
Richard Blankenship
Gerald Hamner
Robert Hoffman
Lawrence DeSouza
Tom Moore

Second Row

Jimmy Ryan
George Shetterly
Bill Talley
Robert McElroy
Dennis Burgess
Richard Halbert
Jimmy Traylor
Jack Minnick

Third Row

James Sanford
Maclin Ferrell
Nick Daniels
Jimmy Boyd
Charles Holleman





Captain PAUL WEBB
Manager GEORGE MASON
Coach MR. ED. MOTLEY

First Row
 Ed. Halbert
 Randolph Picardat
 Billy Eudailey
 Paul Webb
 James B. Smith
 Charles Willis
 Willson Roper

Second Row
 William Eanes
 Alton Kersey
 Jerry Evans
 Robert Traylor
 Gene Barlow
 Billy Hatchett
 Gerald Frampton
 Bill Stevens
 Roy Stone

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Captain MARY BLAND DUNBAR
Manager CHARLENE BURTON
Assistant Manager DORIS RUDY
Coach MISS ANN VAN LANDINGHAM

First Row

Louise Perkinson
 Jeanette Caudle
 Jeanne O'Donnell
 Mary Bland Dunbar
 Love Dishman
 Henrietta Lanier

Second Row

Margaret Hargrave
 Bobby Pulley
 Rose Varn
 Anna Bland
 Phyllis Bond
 Anne Brockwell

Third Row

Charleen Burton
 Roberta Nunnally
 Miss Ann Van Landingham
 Jeanne Partin
 Doris Rudy





Co-Captains SHIRLEY BRISTOW, ELIZABETH FERGUSON
Manager LOVE DISHMAN
Coach MISS ANN VAN LANDINGHAM

First Row

Mary Bland Dunbar
 Cecelia Grigg
 Nell Washer
 Jeanne O'Donnell
 Shirley Bristow
 Elizabeth Ferguson
 Katherine Horkan
 Barbara Pulley
 Adelia Williams
 Sylvia Sammons

Second Row

Miss Ann Van Landingham
 Arlene Eley
 Doris Rudy
 Charlene Burton
 Rossie Farthing
 Norma Vaughan
 Phyllis Pond
 Barbara Crowder
 Rebecca Porter
 Jean Padera
 Love Dishman

Third Row

Betty McGill
 Annie Ruth Payne
 Louise Perkinson

Autographs

Autographs



Affaire de Coeur

By JO CAROL THOMAS



HIS just definitely was not possible! She . . . she, the admitted leader of the crowd, the most popular girl at Lawrence High, to be absolutely and completely ignored by a new man in town with the divine name of Lance Van Lawrence.

"In the next chapter . . . " the French teacher was droning on and on.

Ting viciously jabbed holes through her French composition with her pencil point and flung her long hair back over her shoulder in time to see Chuck Johnson with chin in hand positively drooling at her from across the room.

To get herself out of her low frame of mind she decided to favor him with a new smile she had been practicing in front of her mirror.

Slowly she half-closed her eyes, parted her lips a trifle, and as she curved the corners of her mouth upward she slowly raised her lashes, waving them gently, and ended the enchanting spectacle by a slight raising of an eyebrow, always the left one, a long and complete sweep of the lashes, and the gentle and firm closing of the mouth.



Chuck reacted beautifully. His chin had come unhinged and dropped six inches, and a crusader light was shining in his eyes.

"Please turn to page 316 where you will find . . ." Miss Fielding hadn't stopped yet.

"Oh, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah," sighed Ting wearily and turned to page 316.

* * * *

"Hey! Unhand my woman 'n let 'er collapse herself!" yelled Jay from behind the wheel of his model T as Chuck and Bill piloted Ting down the school steps at 3:10.

"Leap in, Cupcake," he said, kicking open the door.

"I'm condescending but unwilling," said Ting coldly.

"Whatsa matter, cream-puff? Has this jerk been more insulting than usual—or is it just being his natural self that chills you?" called Bill from the back seat as Jay finally got all the parts of the jalopy necessary to put it in motion working in coordination.

"In a minute I'm going to resent that," answered Jay calmly, "but if you want to know why our Ting-a-ling is sunk in the depths of gloom, it's simply because our distinguished newcomer to Lawrence High will not fall prey to her fatal charms!"

"Not *the* Lance Van Lawrence!"

"Hey! He's the grandson of the founder of our institution for degenerate minds—namely L. H. S.," came in a chorus from the rear.

"Great-great grandson, dopes," Ting snapped, "and I wouldn't sprain an eyelash if he cast himself at my feet!"

"Haw! Haw-haw-haw!" the three said in solemn dignity.

As the model T shuddered to a final stop at Ting's house, she jumped out with a "Thank you *too* much!" and marched up the walk.

"Aw, Ting!" wailed Jay, "let's not be bitter! Hey listen! You're still going to the Spring Hop with me on Saturday night, aren't you?"

"Whadda mean—with you! She promised me!" sputtered Chuck.

"Ha! You're the kind of potato I'd like to mash! Why, she as much as told me she'd rather go with me than anyone else!" yelled Bill.

"Yipes!" muttered Ting and dived into the shelter of her house.

"Now how will I straighten this mess out?" she thought as she watched Jay's collapsible chassis drive off with its three occupants practically at blows. She hadn't *promised* any of them—just sort of soothed them while campaigning for a bid from that over-inflated egotist, Lance Van Lawrence.. And to make matters worse, he had moved in right next door!

At first she had entertained pleasant little idle thoughts of walking hand-in-hand to school with the dream-man instead of being carried by convulsive

leaps in Jay's wreck. And, sad fate, she had spread these idle thoughts to her intimate female friends who now laughed in ghoulish glee as she continued arriving with Jay and Lance continued strolling in alone to school.

But then, she wasn't the only girl being ignored. He was just a plain down-right womanhater and wouldn't tumble to anyone.

Ting caught herself just in time to prevent chewing off one of her very longest finger-nails, and sighed deeply.

It would be just too heavenly if only he'd ask her to the Spring Hop. But from the appearance of things, it didn't look as though he were going at all. He hadn't asked anyone yet—"Calumet!" gasped Ting. "Came electricity!"

And taking the steps two at a time she went in search of her fond—and a trifle vague—mother.

Ten minutes later, she was out on the side porch—having left the door to the hall open—and was gazing across at the Van Lawrence home, while listening to her mother's charming voice on the phone, talking to none other than her dear friend, Mrs. Van Lawrence.

" . . . so naturally, little Ting said she'd be only too glad to acquaint your son with all his future friends by accompanying him to the school dance next Saturday."

Ting smiled smugly and continued pushing the porch swing back and forth with her toe.

"What? H-m-m-m—yes, I see. Well, of course—that's very nice. Yes, I'm sure she is. Well, I'll tell Ting. . . . yes, certainly. That's quite all right—goodbye."

By this time Ting was nearing nervous prostration, and was sitting tensely on the edge of the hall chair.

"Well, dear, you won't have to give up going with your other little friends after all," smiled Mrs. Deering. "Mrs. Van Lawrence says he has already planned to go with a little girl that studies with him—oh—Lucy Ellis, I believe. It was very sweet of you to think of it tho', Ting dear—so thoughtful." She smiled to herself as she went back upstairs, "so thoughtful."

"Oh, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah," wept Ting.

* * * *

By Saturday evening Ting had completed her extensive study of the likes, dislikes, ideals, and idiosyncrasies of one Lance Van Lawrence.

He reveled in being superior, and believed wholeheartedly in the sweet, innocent type of girl—complete with ruffles and furbelows.

The more Ting found out about him, the more she disliked him, but she was determined to continue the chase just to flaunt him—vanquished—in the faces of her "dear" friends.

Therefore, at exactly 9:00 she minced daintily downstairs, trailing yards

and yards of pink net ruffles, drifting satin ribbons and chiffon streamers, to the awaiting trio. *Trio* because neither Jay, Chuck, nor Bill would relinquish their "rights" as they called them. So she was going with all three.

"Ow-ooo-ooo!"

"May I have this waltz?"

"Hey, Ting-a-ling! Where's the top to your dress?"

These were the formal greetings as she appeared on the landing.

"This is simply an off-the-shoulder frock," replied Ting icily. "Besides which, I think I look very sweet."

"Yeah, sweet! Say, you don't have a cold or anything do you?" asked Jay seriously.

"Why, no," said Ting.

"Whew! Am I relieved! One good sneeze and you'd be retrievin' your neck ruffles from around your ankles," said Jay.

"Then let's hope she doesn't have rose-fever," laughed Bill as they shoved a florist's box at her. Three rose corsages!

Practically a thousand and literally hundreds of people had filed past the impressive receiving line at the entrance to the school gym by the time Ting and her escorts arrived.

Once inside, Ting was immediately steered onto the floor by Jay, who was claiming the first dance.

"Come on, sugar puss," Jay said. "Let's push your frills around awhile. And by the way, how come the latest fashion trend? I thought you were the chick that thought simplicity was the spice o' life. You do look kinda cute tho'—like a—a valentine maybe—or—" but Jay didn't get any further as Bob Brandon cut in with a "Whee-ooow! Boy! Are you whistle-bait!"

"Yeah? Well, don't whistle too hard," said Jay. "A strong wind is all she needs for that dress to collapse like a—ouch!"

And Ting and Bob danced away leaving Jay to nurse a cracked shin bone.

After the third number and seventeen cut-ins when Lance hadn't appeared on the scene, Ting became a trifle desperate. If all her trouble had been in vain!

Then—suddenly—he was there, mingling with the *stag* line!! But where was Lucy?

Ting immediately wilted against Chuck to appear more fragile and maneuvered him to get into the range of Lance's vision.

Success! His eyes had lighted up at sight of her—or her ruffles—and he was now wending his way toward them.

"May I have the honor?" said Lance at Chuck's elbow.

His deep and tender voice absolutely melted Ting as you could immediately tell that he was the sort who treated women as saints and not rag dolls the way the rest of the bunch did.

Anyway, he had the most adorable blond curls.

"Ah! My little flower," he murmured as they swept across the floor. "Though I know you not, your beauty enchants me."

"Whoa!" thought Ting, "this dope doesn't even remember who I am! I can't look that different—or can I?"

So, while gnashing her teeth she gave him a slow, sweet, misty smile that said as plainly as words, "Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man, you."

And just as they were really getting along beautifully, Jay cut in again with a black scowl on his handsome visage.

"Listen, mellow mouse, I don't like the dreamy looks you've been passin' that hayseed!" muttered Jay.

"Why, lamb!" purred Ting, while Jay's expression changed to startled joy, "You know you're my one and only true love."

"Ye-ah?" breathed Jay holding her closer. "Ya' know, you're my angel."

"Well, this isn't heaven!" hissed Ting as she suddenly caught sight of Lance dancing with Lucy. But as she watched, she saw Lance signal to Dick Stoyler in the stag line to cut in on him.

And before Jay could steer away from him, Lance had crossed over and was tapping imperiously on Jay's shoulder.

"I just had to hold you in my arms once more, my precious one! Your eyes! Your hair! Your lips!"

"Your father's moustache!" snapped Jay at Lance's side.

"Pass the double-boiler, fella', I want to can some corn!" drawled Bill on Lance's other side.

"One-two-three-hup!" said Chuck from behind Lance, and suddenly Bill and Jay had each grabbed one of Lance's legs and Chuck was upholding the rear by the seat of his pants and his collar as they carried him, with his mouth hanging open like a jelly-fish, out the side door of the gym.

"Bu—but! Hey—!" sputtered Ting as she was left in the middle of the dance floor. Then, as she glanced around and saw a contingent from the stag line with a glint of determination in their wolfish eyes heading in her direction, she picked up her ruffles and fled to the sanctuary of the powder-room.

Once inside, she breathed a sigh of relief and sank down upon the lounge-sofa—practically on top of a miserable little curled-up bit of femininity, sobbing as though she'd broken her finger-nail.

"Whatsis? Whatsis?" asked Ting as she tried to uncurl the despondent creature.

"Hey! It can't be as bad as all that! Why, you should . . . Lucy Ellis!"

Ting jumped as if she'd been touched by a live wire and retreated a few steps.

"What's the matter, Lucy?" she asked warily.

"What's the matter!? Oh! you—you—you—male miser—you! Oh-ooo-ooo—I ha-hate you!" sobbed Lucy, truly piteously.

Ting's open mouth was closing by degrees as the light of comprehension gleamed in her eyes.

"You aren't talking about Lance, are you?" she asked.

"Oh! Don't bother explaining! You can't let anyone be happy, can you? Just because you're so pretty and popular and everything, you just take who—who-ever you wa-aant! Ow-ooo!"

By this time, Ting was feeling lower than a thermometer registers and had mentally kicked herself black and blue.

"Jeeps, Lucy! I didn't know you really liked Lance," said Ting. "I'm awfully sorry if I did anything to come between you two."

"Come between us!" shrieked Lucy. "Why, he doesn't know I'm alive now, and he used to be so sweet to me—sob—it's just dreadfully disappointing—that's all. I wouldn't mind so much if it hadn't been you he had to be deluded into thinking he loved!"

Ting's sympathy was fast melting away, but she pulled her jangled nerves together and said calmly, "Come! Come! Miss Ellis! One mustn't let one's anger get the best of one. And now if you will rest your vocal chords, I will endeavor to tell you that Mr. Van Lawrence cares nothing for me, and is, in reality, pining for you!"

"Wha-at?" gasped Lucy, as she sprang to her feet quickly patting her hair and wiping her eyes.

"Yes, it's true! He was merely toying with my affections, and I hand him back to you—completely undamaged—er, that is—well, bloody and broken as he may now be, he's yours!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh, Ting! Oh, thank you! I had no business thinking the things I was thinking about you. You're not that way at all! You're sweet, and generous, and—!"

Ting pushed her out the door, still gushing.

"You'll find him just outside the gym—third door to the left—and don't trip over him!" Ting called to the retreating and oblivious back of Lucy.

"Well, that's that! Thirty! Finis!" thought Ting as she trailed wearily to a chair at one side of the gym.

"Ah! My little one! Tell me that I may have the divine pleasure of clasping you in my arms for this waltz," said a deep, tender voice at her side.

"Oh, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!" said Ting as she grinned back at Jay.

Thistledown

By ALLEN PIRKLE

"T" As In Trig

*The cosine of y times the sine of x —
How beautiful is she!
Plus the tangent of x and cotangent of—gosh!
She even smiled at me.*

*Plus the tangent of x and cotangent of y ,
Equals glistening dark brown hair
That hangs around her neck in curls—
I mean one plus tangent square.*

*Now one over cosecant, I am told,
Is equal to the sine;
And what a large thrill I did receive,
When her walnut eyes met mine.*

*How complicated these figures get!
Hers is not so bad;
If cosine x would equal y ,
The answer could be had.*

*But cotangent x , and not tangent y ,
Equals lips that are so red;
And tangents, lipstick, the square of t ,
Get jumbled in my head.*

*But I find my brain is unlike my heart
And isn't half so big;
For if my brain could drown it out,
I would be studying Trig!*

Kaput

*When you think you're high and mighty,
And rank up with the best,
There's nothing like a pretty girl
To knock you from your crest;
To dash you on the hard cold rocks,
To make you feel a cur;
Without a word she let's you know
That you don't rate with her.*

Concentration

*With dry books staring at my face,
I wish I were in another place;
I wish that I could stretch and reach
A piece of some white sandy beach;
And instead of books in front of me
I wish it were an expanse of sea;
And instead of studying to be done
I had but to bask in warming sun.
But now to summer I'll have to wait,
From now . . . ah yes, to concentrate.*

What Made Me Forget?

*What made me forget my teeth last night?
Why didn't I the window raise?
On going to bed I left on the light—
Boy! Was I in a daze!*

*Why did I wear my socks to bed,
(There must be a hidden clue,
Me thinks, my dear, it may be said—
'Twas the date I had with you.
(Or else my feet were cold.)*

Assignment To Hell

By RAYMOND H. WILLS

“**I** WONDER how long it will be before we will be back,” I said to anyone who cared to answer. Needless to say, this same thought was weaving itself in and out, 'round and about every man aboard the *Kota Inten*. Yes, this and many other thoughts were crowding each individual's mind.

It took only seven days from Seattle, Washington, to Honolulu, Hawaii. During this time, much to the surprise of everyone aboard, there was not one case of seasickness reported. It was a very beautiful morning there in Hawaii, but because of our trip, we were not allowed to disembark. Since we were nearing the equator the heat was becoming intense. To remedy this, we stretched a tarpaulin, which we bribed the Indian crew to give us, between the amidship cabins and the after mast, which we found afforded quite a bit of relief. We were completely surprised when that night we were allowed on the dock and were entertained by a group of Hawaiians, comprised of eight Hawaiian girls and four boys. The show was colorful as well as entertaining and educational. We were told the history of the various dances and the meanings of the movements made with the hands and feet during the dance.

A week later found us anchored in a small inlet of the Marshall Islands. From Oahu, the main island of the Hawaiian group, we had joined five other ships, which were anchored at present with us.

To our surprise, when we left the Marshalls, we were told that our next stop would be the Marianas. I guess they felt, now that we were far enough from civilization, that it was safe to let us know our next destination. Well, at least, our pastime of placing bets on the next destination had been ruined. Yes, we passed quite a bit of our time betting on the next, our final destination. Also card playing and book reading helped us to while away the time.

Our trip from the Marshalls to the Mariana Islands was a little longer than the previous one as we were now sailing in dangerous waters, and it was neces-



sary to sail a zigzag course to elude possible lurking submarines. One amusing incident took place during this space of time that amused but also brought us back to realization of danger. In the afternoon we were told that the radio operator had managed to pick up a bit of Japanese propaganda. It was all just a babble of words until a bit of news which pertained to all aboard came over the air. We were astonished to learn that the Japs had sunk our ship with all aboard. My, but it was a peculiar feeling to be in two places at the same time.

After a stay of three days in the Marianas, we sailed once more. On the third day out we were told our destination was to be some small port on the northern tip of Okinawa. There was a hurried rush for pen and paper to try in some way to let the people back home know that this was it. I don't know just how to explain the feeling that I had and the many thoughts that were racing through my mind. As I sat down to write home, I knew that if I said many of the things that I wanted to say, it would cause worry at home; so I only wrote that I was well and that it would be a while before I would write again.

We passed through the Ryukyus about three o'clock in the afternoon. Off to our right we could see the Navy shelling Naha, the capital of Okinawa, with an estimated population of 50,000. By this time we were breaking out of the convoy and headed for a channel, which ran between Ie Shima and Okinawa. Since it had started to rain, the danger of air raids was practically nil; therefore we were told that we would remain on the ship that night.

We were awakened around ten o'clock the same night and were told that we would have to disembark immediately, as the moon had risen and the Japs were expected to try sneak attacks.

A lapse of four hours' time found us bivouacking on the beach under a full moon, a moon which we later learned to dread and which foretold us of Jap air attacks.

Our first morning on the enemy's soil, needless to say, was filled with anticipation, surprise and fear. We had awakened to find that we had been bivouacking on the beach that the initial invading forces had used. There were dynamite sticks, grenades, and an assortment of unexploded shells lying about, hurriedly discarded as the troops had pushed on toward their objective.

I assure you that a landing on an enemy-held island is not easily made: terrific aerial and naval bombardment was laid on Ie Shima, an island of fifteen square miles, fifteen miles of land where Ernie Pyle was killed, from 0730 to 0800. At 0801 United States infantry landed on Green and on Red, one and two beaches. Only a few riflemen and mine fields opposed attacking forces until the advance reached Japanese fortified areas. From scattered pillboxes, caves and emplacements, the Japs opened fire with rifles and machine guns, causing heavy casualties. By 1700, however, the western half of the island, including the airfield, was secure. Small patrols and suicide raiding parties attempted to

infiltrate our positions during the night, many Japs using pole and satchel charges, some strapped to their bodies. During this action, only one Jap prisoner had been taken.

By this time, the Japs were fighting fiercely from house to house and cave to cave. It was during this phase of the invasion that Ernie Pyle, riding in a jeep with an officer and two enlisted men on a reconnaissance of forward positions, was killed. He had left the jeep, when a Jap machine gunner opened fire on the party, and was attempting to ascertain the safety of the other members when he was killed. To his honor, a memorial with the following inscription was erected:

*"At this spot the 77th
Division lost a buddy
Ernie Pyle
April 18, 1945."*

It was on April the twenty-first that a tired group of soldiers raised the American flag atop Igusugu Yama, the tallest peak on the island, and the island was declared secured. After a period of what seemed ages, but was actually only a few days, the enemy casualties were estimated at 4706 Japs killed and only 50 taken prisoners. Also 1700 civilians were brought under military rule.

Even while daily patrols were scouring the island for Jap snipers, who hid in the caves at day and came out to get food and water at night, the island's fortifications, runways, roads, living and working areas were being built.

But even as the island was being equipped for the purpose for which it was invaded, we were still harassed by the snipers remaining on the island and sneak attacks by air, which dwindled in size day by day.

Even in this atomic age, common sense is needed every minute of the day. I was walking through the trails, which we had cut through the growth to the beach, when I noticed that quite a few pieces of pottery were sitting around the mouth of a cave which seemed not to be disturbed. This alone would not have attracted my attention, but the fact that each of them was in an upright position, as if placed there to catch water, caused me to investigate. I didn't attempt this by myself, but went back to the area and got a few fellows to go with me. We couldn't get anyone to come out even after throwing grenades and smoke bombs, but feeling sure that there were Japs there, we reported the cave to Island Command. That night three men sat on a precipice overlooking the cave, just waiting for something to move in the vicinity of the cave.

The night passed uneventfully, but the morning brought a surprise to the whole area. While I was standing in the line for breakfast, just as dawn was breaking, we heard a noise coming from the direction of the beach path. I thought at first that the men who were on guard last night were returning, but on seeing four small men coming up the path I knew something was wrong. Then I saw the piece of white cloth, which the fellow in the lead was waving. I

could hardly believe it because this path led right by a machine gun emplacement, which had about 25,000 rounds of ammunition stored there. If those Japs had seen and reversed the gun, they could have wiped our area clean out of existence. As none of us had guns with us, we hardly knew what to do. Several of the fellows ran to their tents and got their guns, more to regain self-confidence than to wage war on the four Japs.

It was late in the evening when we heard a plane flying over the island. Since we did not have night fighters based on the island at this time, we knew, or rather we thought, it to be a Jap. But the fact that the anti-aircraft guns were not firing puzzled us. We knew that all planes were supposed to be grounded at seven o'clock; so what was that bird doing up there by himself? We soon found out. The plane came over our area and was swinging out as if to come in on the landing strip. As he passed over the naval hospital, all hell broke loose. His bombs hit the hospital and an adjacent gasoline storage area.

The night following the dropping of the atomic bomb, two Japs eluded the night defense and dropped clusters of phosphorus bombs, destroying eight Mustangs (P-51's) and damaging six others. This same night Jap broadcasts had been intercepted, announcing that surrender had been agreed to, but special word warned Ie Shima and Okinawa to prepare for a heavy attack that night with gas. Luckily, the Japs did not resort to such a foolish venture.

At thirteen minutes to one o'clock on the nineteenth of August, two Jap Bettys landed on Ie Shima with the surrender envoy, bound for Manila.

But the Japs were not the only pests that we had to contend with on the island. A stiff wind had commenced to blow from the north, and it was noticed that the wind was steadily increasing in velocity. We soon received warning that a hurricane was headed for the island and that we would have to secure the aircraft and our living quarters. After securing everything, there was nothing to do but wait for the hurricane to strike.

It was around two in the morning when I awoke to find that, instead of a tent over me, I practically had a tea strainer. The wind had stretched the canvas to such an extent that it was leaking like one. I quickly put my poncho on and gathered all of my personal items and placed them into a duffle bag, on which I placed everything that wasn't nailed down. I soon found that I hadn't done this any too early, as the tent was just about ready to flap its wings and fly south. I ran outside to see how the rest of the area was making out, and I saw that there was hardly any area left. I later found that the fellows had adjourned to some nearby burial vaults. However, not caring to bunk the rest of the morning with a few scattered bones, I made my way to a truck, which had just arrived. The First Sergeant was taking a temporary leave of the motor pool, so I decided to accompany him. It was here that I slept with mice for the first time. I tried to count them as they ran up my right leg and down the left.

There were several who were pretty good at tossing peanuts, so I made a note to let the Cardinals know about them.

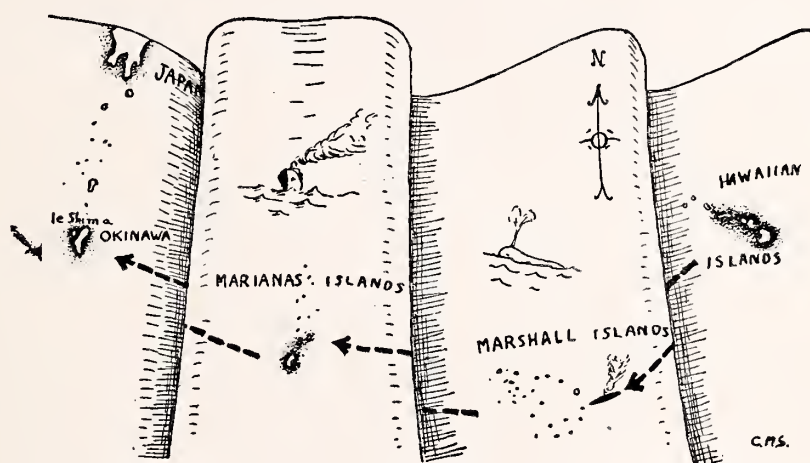
The next day proved to be a very beautiful day as far as the weather was concerned. But what a horrible mess our area was! I do not remember the estimated damage, but just to look at our little area was enough to make me sick, and I was very glad to hear that instead of rebuilding, we would move to Okinawa.

Okinawa is mountainous country, but very pretty. I heard that Ernie Pyle had said that it was the prettiest island he had ever seen, and I saw that Ernie knew what he was talking about. But when a unit moves, it doesn't move for a change of scenery. Our time for the next few months was spent setting up our new area, and last, but not least, figuring our discharge points.

We had been flying regular, routine missions, a monotonous, everyday, affair, when we changed from war-time operations to peace-time operations. This meant more time in which to think about home, which isn't too good for a homesick boy.

It happened one Sunday morning that I was told to pack my things and prepare to return to the good old U. S. A. I sailed for home, docking at Los Angeles, on the USS Natrona, a good ship. I remained in California for only a short time and was sent to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, my separation center. On January 22, 1946, I was discharged, and returned home, a home which I had missed and had wished so many times to see.

At present I am a student at Petersburg High School, where I have found the principal, the faculty, and the student body cooperative, patient, and helpful to the returning veteran.



Sprigs of Rue

By JEWEL O'FARRELL

Wind Blown

*The red rose bowed her pretty head;
She twirled in air with a perfume rare;
The wind for her held majestic power;
He made her twirl without a care.*

*"Look, look, my rose," he said,
"Your petals are all floating down."
The red rose bush would nod just her stem,
Far below lay her velvet gown.*

*Oh, wind, high wind for what are you meant—
To sail the boats and ships at sea,
To tear up beauty and leave all plain,
To torment the clouds, the trees—or me?*

Lost Youth

*Sad to rummage through old things;
Look in a book once read by a youth,
Which tells of knights and mythical kings.
Oh, but this seems so awfully odd,
That this is all to which childhood clings.*

*Books and marbles or coins are left.
Where is our youth that passed so quickly?
The answer is time that has made the theft.
The marbles are dull; the coins are rusty;
The books are musty; and time has left.*

*Time leaves us old and wrinkled and gray;
And books and coins are dimensional things,
But memory locked in mind will stay.
So bring out each thought of book and coin,
For they bring us joys of each lost day.*

Achoo!!

By LYNTON GOULDER



CHOO! ACHOO! Here I go with a-a-an-no-ther one of those hay fever spells. Yes, I'm one of the five million victims who begin to sneeze and blow their noses when the month of August rolls around. As soon as the ragweed pollen starts to fly, my nose begins to drip.

Hay fever, a disease which is no respecter of time and place, attacks its victim wherever it can cause the most discomfort and embarrassment. Does it strike you when you have a couple of handkerchiefs, an inhaler, and a bottle of nose drops in your pocket? Oh, no. It waits until you forget a handkerchief, and then it sets to work. If you go to church, does it bother you when a hymn is being sung? No, not at all. It launches one of its little sneak attacks in the middle of a prayer. I've frequently had many "would-be good times" spoiled by hay fever. However, it was not until this summer that I learned how successful this little saboteur can be when it tries to spoil a pleasant trip.

All of the trouble began the Friday before Labor Day because it was on this day that Mother, Daddy, and I set out on an automobile trip to the mountains. "What fun!" I thought. "Now I'll be able to get plenty of driving experience."

Until this time of the season, I had had only a mild case of hay fever. For this reason, I lacked the usual equipment used in combating this trouble. However, I did throw a bottle of nose drops into the suitcase just in case I should catch the sniffles.

When we began the journey, daddy let me drive. A heaping dish of chocolate ice cream with a slice of devil's food cake would not have suited me better, and, for a while, everything proceeded according to plan. Nevertheless, after we had been riding for several hours, I began to sneeze. My nose started dripping. Well, I just couldn't take care of the steering wheel with one hand and my nose with the other, so Daddy had to take over. I should have known that the pollen would catch up with me sooner or later.

The nose drops were in the trunk of the car, and I thought it needless to get them. "After all, this attack would soon be over," I decided. By the time we reached the hotel in Roanoke, the hay fever had eased considerably.

The next morning it was decided that we should take a trip to Mountain Lake. The drive up to this summer resort is supposed to be very beautiful, but I cannot verify this statement. No sooner had we started than I began to sneeze. It seemed that the ragweed had launched a mass attack on my nose. My eyes began to itch and run water. In my opinion, this is the most disagreeable feeling I have yet encountered with hay fever. You want to rub your eyes, but you

know good and well if you do, they'll itch more. In such a case, the only relief is from the use of eye drops, something which I needed very much.

After visiting Mountain Lake, we continued our journey. We drove over mountains and more mountains, saw ragweed and more ragweed, and I sneezed accordingly.

Mother and Daddy kept admiring the scenery. Mother would say, "Look at that beautiful peak. Isn't it gorgeous?" Daddy would reply, "Some day I hope to live in the mountains." I would think, "If I ever get out of the darn things, I'll never see them again."

My misery continued for two more days. But at last we headed home. "Roanoke, Martinsville, Danville, Clarksville, South Hill," the signs read. However, it seemed as if the one I longed to see, Petersburg, would never come into view.

After I had stood the strain just about as long as possible, I saw the sign. Yes, there it was: P-E-T-E-R-S-B-U-R-G. Boy, what a relief! Now I might take a hay fever shot.

Thoughts

By ADELIA WILLIAMS

*My thoughts are like a lonely trip
I seem to take on a ghostly ship;
I close my eyes and sail away
To islands far where I'd like to stay.*

*I see no more and hear no more
Except my thoughts which heavenward soar;
Then they return again to land
With only memories left on hand.*

*Real voyages I will never take,
For trips by thoughts are all I make;
And visits by mind all seem to be
Far prettier than in reality.*

Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Moe

By FRED FLETCHER



THREE joyous months had come and gone since Lady Harlon's celebrated debut in Long View.

I could scarcely imagine this as I retraced some of the dramatic moments of this period. It was all so wonderful that I often covet the moments which we lived together.

I can even now recall the glorious sensation which she stirred within me as I casually launched my initial glance upon her. She was a gorgeous creature. As she strolled nonchalantly down the gangplank from the Queen Mary to the peaceful soil of New York, my eyes fell upon her with cautious surveillance. Though I had never before laid eyes upon her, I instantly felt as if I had a deep interest in her. Her apparent sedateness and shapely stature depicted a marked contrast to the morbid specimens of life which daily patrolled the streets of our city. My spirits definitely lightened as I gazed upon her majestic beauty. There was some inexplicable air of superiority about her that I had not previously detected in anyone else. I couldn't seem to shake off an unconquerable desire to become acquainted with this new-found sweetheart. As she stood strangely there on the dock I felt a sense of guilt in not possessing courage enough to welcome her to this land, but despite my anxiety to render aid to her, my emotions remained relaxed.



This longing to become acquainted was not too remote from the process of fulfillment, for, though unknown to me, she was destined to become a member of our household. I was informed at home that Lady Harlon had been invited from England to spend a long vacation with us. The misfortunes of war had necessitated her leaving the comforts of her native England in search of safety in America. She had for years resided in the finest homes in Europe, having journeyed far and wide with the youthful Lord Wilson, a prominent English society man. A strong bond of affection had held these two together for years. Lady Harlon through this platonic friendship had gained her lifelong subsistence by a benevolent grant from Lord Wilson. Being a modest re-

cipient of such hospitality was not too difficult either, for this pension amounted to well in excess of four hundred pounds annually.

This startling revelation came by way of a cablegram direct from Lisbon, Portugal, where Lord Wilson had dispatched his instructions to us who were now her guardians. He likewise had informed us of her arrival and had taken various other precautionary measures to insure her protection. From such proclamations one would have expected a secret weapon rather than the actual responsibility which we were assuming.

Then the final moment of ecstasy arrived—the day when she was to be turned over to our custody. This was unquestionably to be a monumental moment in my life, especially when it meant receiving such unbelievable compensation (two thousand dollars a year) for simply a delightful pleasure. It was inconceivable to my way of thinking that one could be paid for protecting one so beautiful—it was rather that charge should be made for the privilege.

I couldn't restrain my emotions in any gentlemanly fashion when the automobile arrived. She had scarcely been escorted into the parlor when I savagely plunged forward and embraced her in a most affectionate way. I afterwards wondered, alarmedly, what impression of bewilderment I must have made on those utter strangers by my abrupt rudeness. Lady Harlon, however, apparently understood the reason for my spontaneous action and retaliated obligingly by planting an unforgettable kiss on my blushing cheek. This unexpected demonstration of affection rendered me for once in my life motionless. I must admit reluctantly that the results of my endeavor were quite unsensational, for where I had expected melodrama, the action culminated in a barrage of laughter. Realizing that I had unintentionally provided a moment of amusement, I assumed the role of a fool and departed, with a sense of disgrace, into seclusion.

After such an inauspicious beginning I had never hoped to attain any relation of friendship with Lady Harlon. However, as time passed, the ties of friendship grew stronger. We became so attracted to each other that we became inseparable. In short, Lady Harlon became the only real enjoyment of my life. I could scarcely admit any faults or deficiencies in her.

Then came the fateful day when the very presence of Lady Harlon provoked universal interest. As for the actual events which kindled this hilarious calamity neither I nor anyone else shall ever be quite certain. It all started in a most innocent way and yet through exaggeration it developed into gigantic proportions of humorous misconception.

We had awakened one morning to learn that Lady Harlon, while on a visit, had become a mother. This, though of course expected, became even more astonishing when it was learned that all four of the new born were in image identical to their mother. Such fascinating news naturally brought joy to our hearts, but even in this high spirited event we remembered our promise to Lord

Wilson. He had to be informed of this event lest we would lose his confidence and, I might add, the four hundred pounds which was of the greatest interest to us.

This task of sending the cablegram to Portugal fell to the lot of Aunt Nosey, so called because of her persistent desire to "scoop" the neighborhood on some over-exaggerated scandal. She actually delighted in instigating or spreading some infamous falsehood aimed at bringing sorrow to one of her fellow society "tattle tales." Obviously some blunder from her incompetence was expected. After a belated attempt to compose a cablegram, she dispatched the following overdone misrepresented report:

"Honorable Lord Wilson:

"Friend Lady Harlon gave birth yesterday to four adorable little babies. She is doing well. All four look exactly like their mother although two of them are male darlings.

Aunt Gracie."

On the face of it this does not appear too great a catastrophe but when such a "soapy" document is destined to enter international mail it becomes excess property. It seems that this message fell innocently into the hands of a cub-reported who recognized the peculiar contents as a source of news.

Needless to say his sensational discovery was given a prominent place in our evening paper. The contents of the ill-fated cable plus a good job of supposition by the reporter had made the article a masterpiece of ignorance.

Before the night had passed every commentator in radio had come out with the anonymous report of the quadruplets. A mad rush for the confirmation of the report began. We had decided to remain quiet about the entire story which was circulating with unprecedented speed. The law of revelation, however, finally betrayed our wishes, and the source of this history-making epic was discovered. Meantime fantastic rumors had made the story a subject of national interest, which wrought perplexity among the people who had waited for the actual proof of this birth record. Walter Winchell, someone had said, predicted that the mysterious Lady Harlon would prove to be a high member of the Royal circle of England. The events occurred with such rapidity that we at home became so wild with amusement that we felt an indebtedness to the nation to reveal the humorous truth.

Thinking the worst possible repercussions had presented themselves, we had retired for the night when we were awakened with such a hubbub as the small town of Long View had never known. I immediately jumped from my sleepless rest to find an army of reporters, cameramen, and radio men banging relentlessly upon our door. This rowdy throng seemed to show no regard for a man's bedtime as they attempted unmercifully to enter our home.

Realizing the folly of hesitating, I opened the door to make a useless plea

to them to have mercy on the house, which was only made of brick, not steel. Without uttering a word—or I guess I was incapable of getting one out—I was attacked with a barrage of questions which, boiled down, meant, “Where are the kids?”

“What children are you referring to, may I ask?” I retorted in a stern tone, which hardly got past my desire to laugh.

“Stop stalling,” I was told. “We’ve come to get pictures and the story, and we intend to get ’em.”

Before raising any objection I was swept aside and shoved by a sum total of thirty-two men, each of whom was twice my size.

“Gentlemen,” I announced, “here are your four babies.” My endurance was exhausted as I burst into violent laughter.

There in a specially constructed straw bed lay a large beautiful English Dane as white as snow. Gathered closely about her were four miniature facsimiles of the same, the most adorable little creatures that ever bore the name of dog.

There was a momentary pause of silence as thirty-two wholly astonished motionless creatures gazed first at the animals then at one another.

Then with the same sudden change, the entire group simultaneously responded in a most hilarious demonstration of laughter that mankind has ever witnessed. There we stood, thirty-three fascinated fools, laughing riotously at a group of five dogs.

Not to be wholly outdone the grand old Lady Harlon stood a dramatic encore and obligingly barked as the cameras flashed.



Whimsies

By JO CAROL THOMAS

Sundae

*The sky is a pale blue glass,
With clouds of soft whipped cream.
The setting sun is a cherry,
The whole a gourmet's dream.*

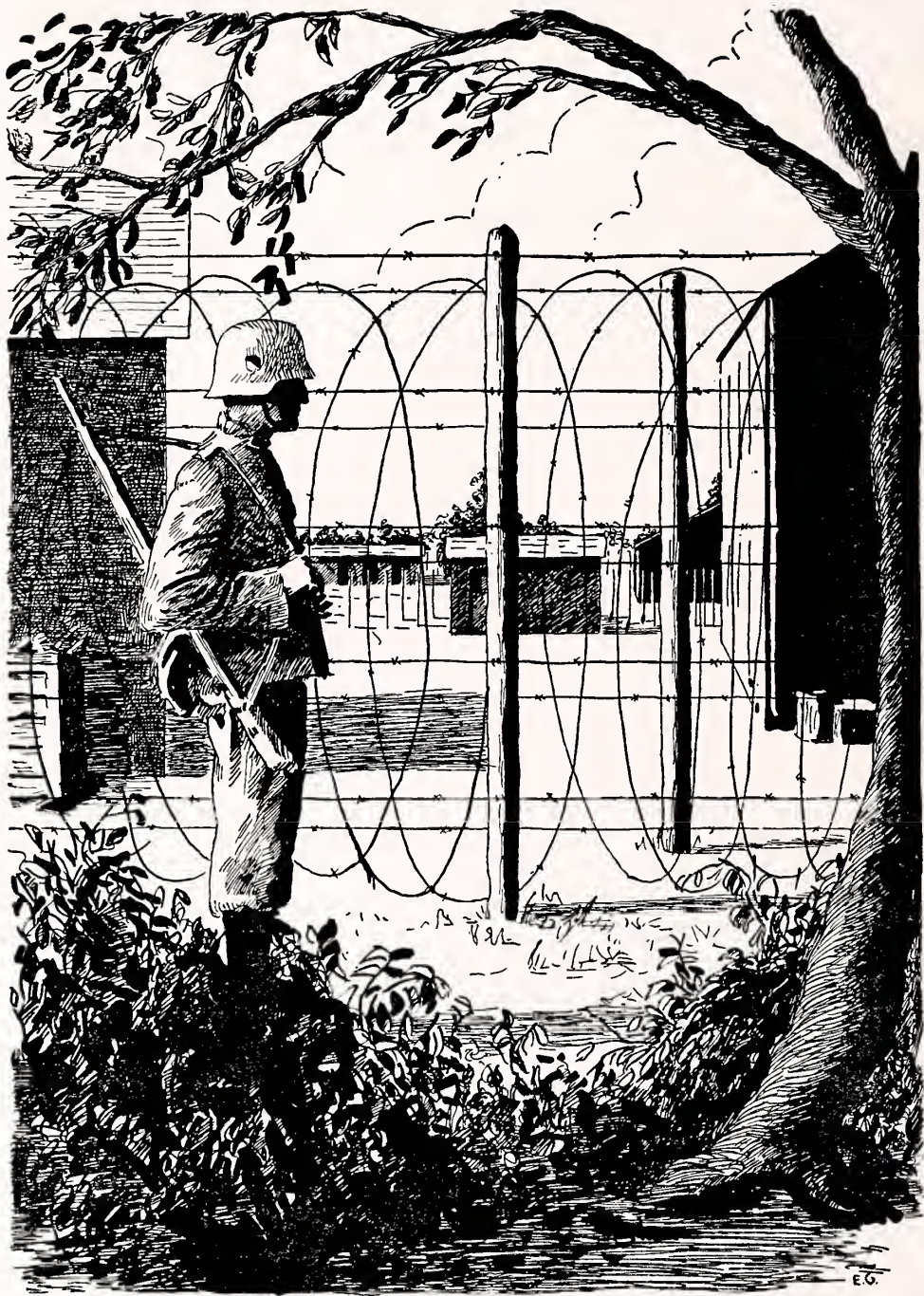
*The sun's last liquid gleam
Turns all to pink parfait;
The moon is a silver spoon,
Devouring all the day.*

Last Night

*Last night the stars
Were diamonds, love,
Against a velvet sky.
Tonight the sky
Is empty, love,
And so, my heart—am I.*

*Last night the moon
Was silver sand
That sifted down its beams.
Tonight a cloud
Obscures the moon,
As a cloud obscures my dreams.*

*Stars, moon and all
The world was right,
For all my life was you.
Yet now, my love,
You've gone away—
My heart and dreams gone too.*



Prisoner of War in Rumania

By LYNTON GOULDER



HIS is a story by Tech. Sgt. John Moore. Sgt. Moore is a graduate of the Petersburg High School. He entered the army on September 11, 1942, and was trained as a top turret gunner and radio operator on a B-24. He was overseas for one year, shot down on a bombing mission over Rumania, and held prisoner in Bucharest for five months.

"On April 21, 1943, the 455th Bombardment Group of the 15th Air Force prepared for a bombing mission over Rumania. Our target was the Bucharest Marshalling Yards. The 'Leaking Deacon', our B-24, pulled out of its re-vertment onto the wide concrete runway. Lt. W. S. Wallick was at the controls. We rumbled down the runway, swung into the air, and took our place in the formation along with several hundred other planes. As we left San Giovanni Air Field, we could see the shrinking runways and the blotches of olive trees which we knew shaded our tents—the tents we had slept in last night, maybe for the last time.

"The weather was perfect for flying—a light blue sky, dotted with white, sheep-like clouds. However, this beauty was spoiled when we were just half an hour from the air field. The turbo on the number one engine started to act up. The engine began losing power, and the plane started to lag behind. It was impossible to keep up with the flight.

"About half an hour outside of the target, three Me-109's jumped us. The gunners began to fire. We ducked into a cloud, hoping to shake them, but when we came out, they were still on our tail. Six more appeared and began spitting lead at our engines. It seemed that the Germans just hung around and waited for the stragglers before they dared come out of hiding. We had been fighting for probably half an hour, although it seemed like four. Abbink, the ball-turret gunner, and Franco, the tail gunner, were injured.

"Now there was no chance for us ever to reach Bucharest (by air, anyway). Lt. Wallick banked the plane to the right and set her on a course so as to pick up the rest of the flight on its way back to San Giovanni. Soon we bumped into ground flak. The planes, together with the flak, provided a deafening roar. The ack-ack sounded like someone out in a backyard shaking a rug. Bullets and shells were bursting all over the place. One exploded just above the pilot's head. The radio was shot out from between my legs. The number 3 engine was hit and conked out on us. With two engines gone, and the rudder shot out, the plane started circling. Cronin, the right waist gunner, and Gaynor, the left waist gunner, both were injured. Gas began leaking. Wallick ordered us to jump. I ran back to the waist to help the injured get into their 'chutes. We

had to kick Franco out. By this time the plane was burning. I was getting a little goofy because I had been sometime without any oxygen, and the next thing I remember was the jerk of the parachute as I went hurtling out of the plane. Almost simultaneous with the jerk, a loud silence struck. No more guns, motors, shells.

"Perhaps I noticed this dead quiet too soon. After I had drifted down about 10,000 feet to about 8,000 feet, three fighters circled, and I waited for them to plug me at any time. But they didn't—just flew around several times and winged away.

"When one drops in a parachute, there's no way to gauge his speed. Out of nowhere, a shed loomed up in my face, but lucky for me, I didn't hit it. It was almost like one of those dreams in which you find yourself jumping off a cliff but wake up before you hit the bottom. The difference is that in a jump you do hit the bottom, and you hit it with a bang! I was so scared that I almost fainted. In fact, the fright along with the shock of hitting the ground really dazed me for a few seconds.

"When I snapped to, there was a fat Rumanian with a black beard standing over me with a pitch fork in his hand. I reached for my gun and then realized that I had better throw it away. A Rumanian officer took charge, searched me, and then marched me to the town hall. I saw a guy pointing to a tree and running his finger around his neck in a slicing motion. This worried me, and I felt very uncomfortable until I found out that they were not going to hang me. I was questioned by the sign language. They wanted to know how many engines our plane had. After much stalling and hesitating, I answered, 'eight'. They were quite stunned.

"Four more members of the crew were brought in. The other five were held in another village. I was the only one who wasn't wounded. Franco had sixteen holes in him, and Gaynor had gotten it in the neck. Our escape kits were taken, but the Rumanians dug up some potassium permanganate, bandages, and hydrogen peroxide. We had to make the best of it. We lived, rather I should say we survived, for three days in the town hall and slept on a bare, nasty floor. The bandages became filthy, but couldn't be changed because there were no more.

"As soon as a car was secured, we were transported to Bucharest and kept for six weeks in a filthy hole called a compound. It was a dirty place, alive with black and white lice, rats the size of cats, and bedbugs. We slept on board bunks and used smelly blankets for covers.

"A low ranking officer took my watch, but a Rumanian colonel made him give it back. The worst things we had to suffer were the bombings—the Americans by day, the British by night, and the Russians in between. Every window was shattered. It's a horrible feeling to be penned up during air raids—not to be able to move, but just sit and hope for the best.

"The food, I should say the mess that was supposed to take the place of food, was terrible. Nevertheless I was astonished to learn that one can live so long on so little. We were served three meals a day. In the morning we were given a cup of imitation tea similar to sassafras; for dinner, a bowl of bean soup; and for supper, beans. During five months, I was given the treat of being allowed to eat one meat ball. We had sour black bread, and two or three times a week that came full of worms. We just picked out the worms and tried to eat it just as if it were hot rolls. One day some fish were brought in. At least we thought they were fish, but we were in for a great disappointment. Our fish turned out to be fish heads. They were the only things I couldn't eat. Once we were given some soup made from a sheep's head. The teeth were floating around in my bowl.

"Some of the men sold jackets, shoes, shirts, and other clothes to buy food from the guards for three or four times the actual price.

"King Mihai (Michael in English) visited the compound. We griped so much about the bombings that he promised to try to improve the conditions. Soon they carted us to an old schoolhouse where we were safe from air raids. I was lucky enough to grab a blanket and bed. Most of the fellows had to sleep on the filthy floor.

"In a short time we were shifted to another prison. This place had been a hospital. Now it was a musty hole full of rats, lice, and bedbugs. The Americans were given beds; the Russians slept on the floor. You see, the Rumanians hated the Russians, but treated the Americans with a little more decency. The buildings were either constructed of brick, plaster or wood. They were surrounded by double barbed-wire fences. Guards were stationed all around. They had only one machine gun, so it had to be passed from one post to another. The grounds were scattered with slit trenches. These trenches were built in a zigzag fashion and were covered with brush and dirt.

"This was the best prison camp we were ever in. The guards were pretty good to us. We were allowed to crawl into the slit trenches during air raids. The guards were puppets; the Germans did all the questioning and practically ran the camp.

"On August 26, 1943, at ten o'clock at night, we learned that the Rumanians had capitulated. This was sad news. Perhaps this statement seems ironic, but it was all too true. The Germans began bombing the camp. I believe that they were trying to liquidate it. Even if they weren't trying to, they came pretty near doing it. Five out of the six buildings were completely wiped out. These habitual air raids preyed on our nerves. Hour after hour, day after day, we had to take cover in the trenches. The movement from our quarters to the dugouts became mechanical. It is unbelievable that during all these raids only one man was killed.

"When we got the chance, we split up and went out into the country. We slept in the woods, we begged for food, we took it from the fields. After five nights, an American army officer passed through and collected all the American G. I.'s. We were boarded on a B-17 and transported back to Italy. I had been overseas for a year; I had been on many missions; but this is the first time I had been so glad to step out of a plane, be it B-24 or B-17."



My Heart

By DIANA POTT

*My heart is a swallow that flies through the night
Blown by the wind like a leaf,
And then when at last its own nest is in sight
Swoops earthward with joyful relief.*

*My heart is a sea-gull, wild and untamed
Alone in the blue sea and sky;
An adventurous rover unknown and unnamed,
Higher than angels I fly.*

*My heart is a love bird, safe, gentle and sure
Content with its mate and its cage.
For me the wild sea and the sky hold no lure;
Graciously, gently, I age.*

Thoughts and Fancies

By PERRY MASON

It Started With a Bomb on Hiroshima

*A morning sun bursts down upon the bay;
The city slowly wakes and starts to move
About. Its spires reflect the rainbow-colored
Plastics from below; the shining, dustless
Factories gleam in the early morning light.
Here moves a tear-drop car and there a train
And there—but wait! Look! for there's a streak—
A flash—a brilliant white-hot mushroom, swirling
And wreaking destruction, foaming and frothing in dust,
And more, all gutting the streets of life with fire.
It started with a bomb on Hiroshima.*

*The dust of a thousand homes has settled, now,
We walk the lifeless plains where once a million
Sorrows, joys, and fears on this soil were grown.
All now the dust from which they once had come:
A merchant owned this plot of ground, a child
Played here, and here's a park, this was a church.
Dust to dust, man breaks his social world.
Is this Pearl Harbor, nineteen sixty-one?
It started with one bomb on Hiroshima.*

Army of Occupation

*The street lamp's army stands without the door;
His sentinels are on guard throughout the town.
Some stand alert by the side of streets and more
March down the bridge and guard the boats around.*

*On silent feet they move to occupy
The town, and stop on guard without a sound.
They stand like soldiers where the houses lie,
Asleep, and cast their brilliant armor 'round.*

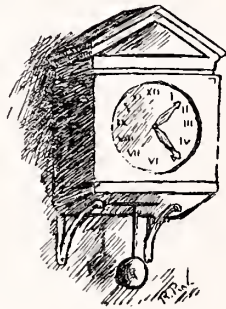
*They are unspeaking witnesses to men,
Who slave that others may sleep and then they lay
Aside their arms when a distant powerful friend
Gives golden rest to them for one short day.*

The Night Watchman

*The mist and night slip in together;
A drizzle meets the sea with a rush.
He walks his beat through the worst of weather,
Straining his ears above the hush
To catch some voice, some cry, some moan
Beside his own. Alone! Alone!*

*The fog cuts short the street lamp's ray.
He passes by the boxes and bales;
He stares into the bleak, black bay
Through the awful shapes of masts and sails
And hears the long low foghorn's tone
Then turns and walks his beat alone.*

*He sees the gleaming sea rat's eyes.
His footsteps moan, alone! alone!
He peers through the fog to eastern skies
But sees no dawn like a rose bull-blown—
Just mist and the ship's slow rolling groan.
He turns and trudges back alone.*



On Writing Essays

By ALLEN PIRKLE



IT IS on a Friday afternoon, and I am feeling very contented as I have just finished eating and as it is only two periods before the week-end—especially because it is only two periods before the week-end. I am listening to a pleasant-sounding English teacher by the name of Mr. Miller (an appropriate name for one who daily grinds grains of knowledge into pupils' craniums.) It is exceedingly warm, and I am slightly drowsy.

"And for next time," the teacher continues, "you will write an essay on something unpleasant."

This immediately brings me to life when I realize what is happening or, should I say, what is going to happen. Anyone knows that for a student who has trouble expressing himself English Composition is a difficult subject. But if this unfortunate character also belongs in the class of "put-offs," it complicates matters considerably.

At once I began to think of a suitable subject on which to write. "There is that unpleasant bicycle trip back from Newport News," I muse to myself, "but what is there to say about it other than I starved for eight hours? Then there are taxi-drivers, movie pests, or radio jingles, but these don't seem so personal or original."

Well, all this goes on while Mr. Miller expounds the essay further, and when class is over, I am still undecided as to the subject. From experience I am decided on one thing—to write the essay over the week-end, when I have plenty of time, and get it over with.

When Friday night comes, I decide that this night should be a night of mental recuperation and manage to fritter away the time doing this and that. I also listen to some popular jazz music which soothes my strained brain no little. Furthermore I have two days and two nights in which to write the essay.

Saturday morning is just like any other morning as Coach decrees that all players should be at the clubhouse at 9:30 A. M. sharp. This makes no difference on this particular morning as it is the day on which we receive our game uniforms and pictures are taken. Every football player is on time, for he must select a uniform that looks well on him, you know.

After pictures, we practice long and take much calisthenics, and as a result everyone becomes exceedingly tired.

By the time I get downtown, it is afternoon. As it will be the only chance I shall have to see a movie this week, I decide I must go in order to carry on a decent conversation at the party tonight. The rest of the day is spent in preparing for and attending a surprise birthday party.

Sunday is the day for church-going, resting, eating, and reading the funnies. Being a thrifty user of time, I manage to do a little homework in between these important tasks, but of course there's no time for the essay.

Monday is chock full of lessons and football practice. I decide to go to bed early, for after all, an athlete is supposed to get plenty of sleep.

Tuesday presents assembly, more lessons, football practice, and directly afterwards, Hi-Y meeting. The Hi-Y meeting is comparatively long as the Hi-Y goats have to be started right. By the time I reach home, it is too late to start an essay. For didn't Mr. Miller say an essay should be written in one mood?

Bloody Wednesday (so named because that is always the day the football team scrimmages) rolls around. This day is occupied with back homework and a long and grueling scrimmage. One leaves the football field in a fatigued stupor and mechanically goes home, eats, drinks water and still more liquid, beats the books for a limited time only, and hits the inner-springs.

So it goes until Thursday night. I find myself staring at blank paper, pencils, a pen, and ink. How does a human expect such a busy man as I to have time to write a three-page essay!

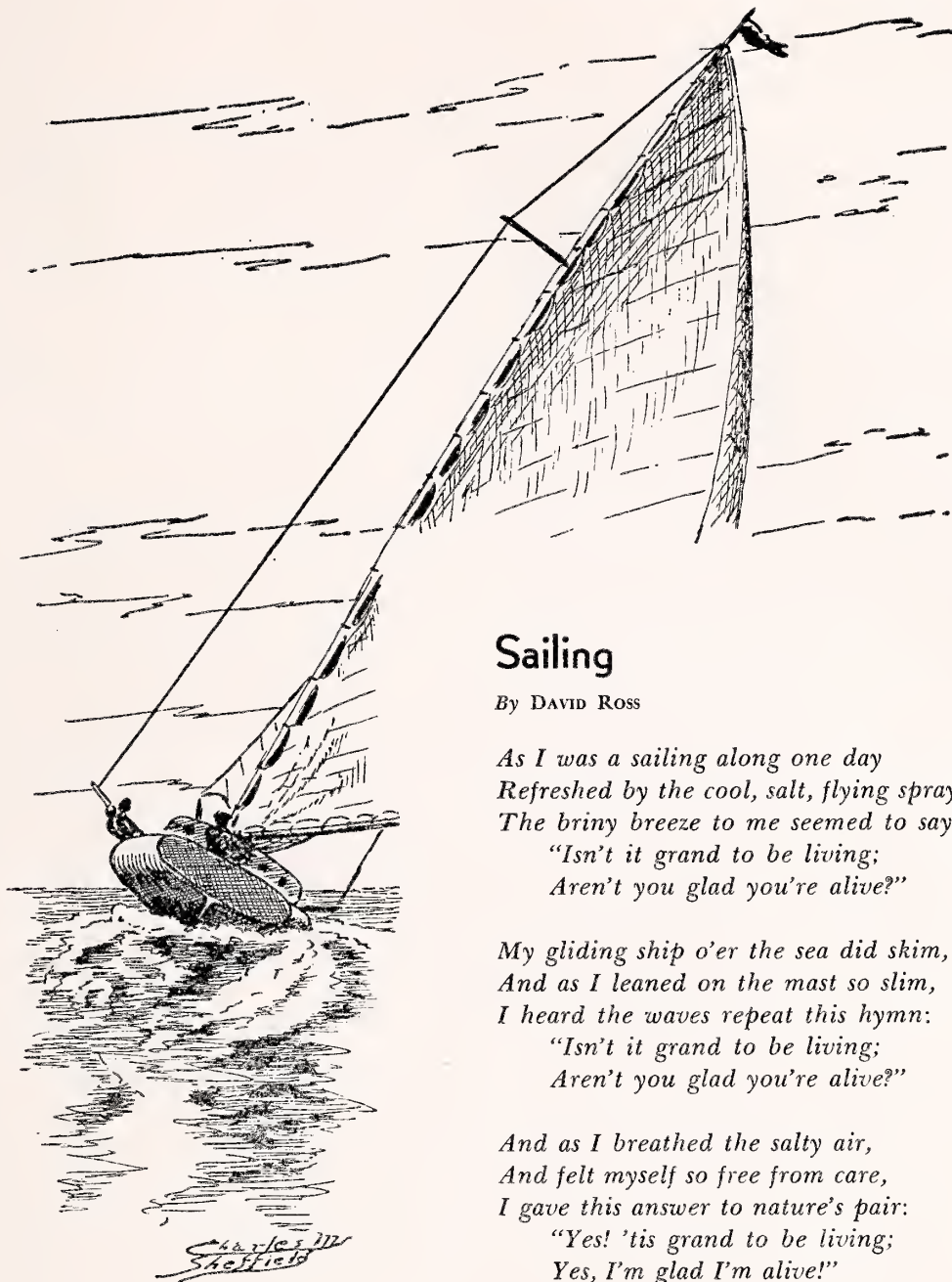
Finally I think of the most unpleasant subject possible and proceed to write. After re-writing most of the sentences many times and consuming half the night, I sweat out a rough copy.

Of course there is a Student Council meeting on Friday morning during home-room period. All other homework is let go during study period and an ink copy of the essay is hurriedly made. Sometimes this occupies part of recess also.

The essay is handed in in the nick of time.

After turning in the three-page essay, I have a feeling of deep satisfaction and relief—especially of relief.

I think what a pushover the newly-assigned essay will be, for I will write it over the week-end!



Sailing

By DAVID ROSS

*As I was a sailing along one day
Refreshed by the cool, salt, flying spray,
The briny breeze to me seemed to say,
"Isn't it grand to be living;
Aren't you glad you're alive?"*

*My gliding ship o'er the sea did skim,
And as I leaned on the mast so slim,
I heard the waves repeat this hymn:
"Isn't it grand to be living;
Aren't you glad you're alive?"*

*And as I breathed the salty air,
And felt myself so free from care,
I gave this answer to nature's pair:
"Yes! 'tis grand to be living;
Yes, I'm glad I'm alive!"*

Cinquains

By EUNICE LATTY

Night

*The night
With twinkling stars
Descends upon the earth;
Silence reigns; the only one that's near
Is God.*

Peace

*We cry
Let there be peace!
But toward our neighbor's lands
We cast our eye, and there can be
No peace.*

Death

*Death comes,
Enshrouded in black,
Unyielding, stern, and pitiless.
Cold fingers 'round us close, and we
Are gone.*

Flight

By ALICE MAYES

*It leaves the hangar swift and sure,
And upward takes its flight;
Propeller spinning 'round and 'round,
It is a beauteous sight.*

*While up and down it zooms and comes
Close to the housetops, then,
With speed that makes us watch with awe
It skims the clouds again.*

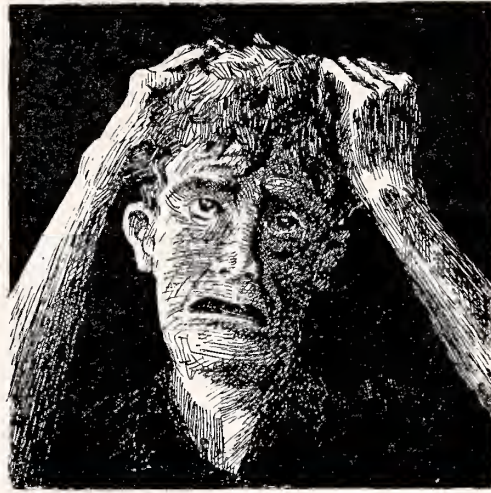
*Zooming through the clouds it goes,
Till eyes can follow no more;
It wings its way so sure and fast
To some far distant shore.*

Waiting

By HARRY TAYLOR



I WAS happily married to the most beautiful creature on this earth. Her beauty would have shamed Venus! Our courtship had been one of extreme happiness, and never had a hard spoken word passed between us. We had a small cottage on the edge of a wood of stately pines, bordered by a crystal clear lake, with flowers of all descriptions thrusting their beauty upon the world. Here and there, a squirrel was to be seen eating a nut with the self-assurance animals seem to acquire when treated kindly by humanity. And now this!



All the life blood seemed to quit flowing as my blood curdled upon the very thought of it. Next Tuesday, six days of long waiting for the inevitable. I had not slept a wink since the news came by special delivery last week. Why did this have to happen to me? I had lived a good life and had gone to church on Sundays. Why, I ask you, why?

Four more days! Four more days of sleepless nights and anxious days. My soul seemed to burst at every thought that raced through my mind on the subject. If only that letter hadn't come. If only it had been lost. At least I wouldn't have had to go through the days of mortal terror.

Two more days. By this time my mind had begun to play tricks on me: strange visions appeared on walls; all tangible objects seemed to be ghost-like in appearance; my eyes seemed to be bursting through their sockets. I would sit for hours and stare at the opposite wall as if in a trance. All lapse of time was forgotten. Two more days. Twenty-four long, but not long enough, hours.

Tomorrow! If you have ever had a dental appointment to have all your teeth pulled, and as the hour grew nearer, you became more and more worked up, multiply that a thousand times and you will see how I felt. As the hour grew nearer, I could feel my heart growing fainter and fainter. All strength had left me. I was like a dead person!

The Day! Three more hours! These last few hours seemed to hold more anguish for my burning soul than all the days of waiting together.

The great clock in our hall ticked on and on. Oh, what I would have given for the power to set back time even if just for an hour! The clock struck two! The fateful hour was three!

Three o'clock! Listen! A soft footstep on the steps below. Nearer and nearer, step by step, comes the personage for whom I had been waiting in untold agony for fourteen days. Nearer and nearer. I watched the door, fascinated with horror. The footsteps had ceased! The door knob slowly turned; the oaken door swung back and she entered. My mother-in-law had come to live with us!

Poems

By PEGGY WOMMACK

Loyalty

*To show his loyalty to his God,
Our father Abraham
Was ready to sacrifice his son,
As though he were a lamb.*

*But Peter who promised to his Lord
To be loyal to the end,
Just when his love was needed most,
Thrice denied his friend.*

The Heavens

*At times the sky is just a playground,
Where the stars and moon may play
Like little children in the evening,
Their games so carefree, so gay.*

*The clouds are trees where the stars may hide
From the moon, in the game they play;
But soon Mother Nature will call them in
To rest till another day.*



In Memoriam

HAMILTON W. ANDREWS, '43
WOODROW W. BAILEY, ex '25
OSCAR LANFORD BELL, '40
WILLIAM L. BLANKENSHIP, '40
HARRY J. BOWLES, ex '44
BROADDUS E. BOWMAN, ex '44
JOHN JAMES BROCKWELL, '42
WINSTON CAVE, ex '43
ROBERT G. CHARLES, ex '33
WILLIAM L. CLAYTOR, Jr., '41
THOMAS P. CRUMPLER, ex '44
ALLEN K. DALTON, ex '31
WILLIAM J. DANCE, '41
JOHN J. DONAHUE, ex '42
JAMES H. DOWNING, ex '34
R. MASON EANES, ex '40
RICHARD LEE EPES, '33
CHARLES S. FAZEL, Jr., '39
WALTER A. GIBBS, ex '45
PRESTON GOULDER, ex '38
JOSEPH D. HARRIS, ex '35
J. HARTWELL HEATH, Jr., ex '34
LEE ROY HEATH, Jr., '37
JOHN T. JACKSON, ex '45
JAMES A. JOHNSON, ex '44
WILLIAM P. KEVAN, '35
ROBERT ELMER KIDD, ex '44
MARGUERITE G. LODGE, ex '30

FLOYD A. LUBMAN, ex '44
JOHN ALBERT MANN, '42
ARTHUR L. McCANN, '41
ELMER LEWIS McKESSON, '37
EDGAR E. MOODY, ex '41
ROBERT W. NUNNALLY, '41
ROBERT JOHN O'LEARY, '41
STUART MILLER OWEN, Jr., '36
RAYMOND M. PARKER, ex '44
HERBERT C. PARTIN, ex '44
J. BOLLING PERDUE, ex '33
RALEIGH POWELL, Jr., '32
HERBERT J. PRICE, Jr., ex '37
JAMES M. REESE, '35
GORDON ROSENSTOCK, ex '36
DAVIS SAWYER, ex '34
HERBERT W. SHELLEY, ex '44
JOHN B. TENCH, ex '31
WALTER S. TOWNSEND, '36
T. SIMMONS TRUEHEART, '37
ROBERT O. TUCKER, ex '36
WILLIAM A. USHER, ex '31
HARVEY M. WALTHALL, '39
THOMAS C. WELLS, ex '32
CHARLES MONROE WHITT, '38
FREDERICK G. WILLIAMS, '33
G. HOWARD WILLIAMS, ex '42
BROOKS C. YOUNG, '36

*"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"*

Peace

By MARIE BULIFANT

*O peace, thou ever shining goal
So dear to God and man,
A longing found in every soul
Of every race and clan;
Haste thou to reign from pole to pole
As was always heaven's plan.*

*Yet men go forth in mighty power
To pillage, slay, and burn;
Where homes should be the great fires tow'r,
And brotherhood they spurn;
And all who live through this sad hour
Must death's sad lesson learn.*

*Let fear and hunger be no more,
Let man his brother love,
And understanding patience store
In hearts warmed from above;
Then thou, the peace that we adore,
Come with the peaceful dove.*



With the Marines on Iwo Jima

By ELIZABETH EDMUNDS



VERY man in uniform during this war has his own experiences to relate concerning it. From all the fronts, veterans are returning with their travels and adventures fresh in their minds telling of all sorts of peoples, customs, and battles. Having recently returned from the Pacific theater, William Bragg Russell, a Petersburg High School graduate and 1st Lieutenant in the Marine Corps, told this story as he observed and participated in it.

"My outfit, the Fifth Marine Division, better known as the Pioneer Division, was organized at Camp Pendleton in California, January, 1944. We stayed there only a short while and then were sent to San Diego and on to Hilo, Hawaii. After various maneuvers around and about Pearl Harbor, we sailed for Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands, and finally reached Saipan.

"All the fighting was over in Saipan, having been finished in July, but there were still a few Japs scattered here and there around the island. We didn't go ashore, but kept right on to our destination, Iwo Jima!

"It was on the morning of February 19, 1945, that the invasion forces landed. The first troops went ashore at 9 A. M., but I waited with my division until the next morning and we landed on the beach at 8 A. M.

"The first few days were exceedingly rough, and it was all we could do to establish the beachhead and hold onto it. At the end of the third day, we had captured the Japanese air field, and on the fourth day, Mt. Suribacki, the Japanese stronghold on the island was ours.

"A Japanese major whom we captured informed us that all the civilians had been removed about a year before, and they had been fortifying the island for thirty years. Most of the Japs were killed in the fighting; however, those who remained killed themselves rather than to submit to conquerors; so we captured very few.

"The island itself was about eight square miles in all and for the most part was very rocky and bare. The northern part was mostly made up of sandstone, and in the south there wasn't much but dirty beach sand. Only the pilots had tents to sleep in—what sleeping they did—and the rest of us regular Marines just ducked into any fox hole or behind any shelter we could find.

"After hard fighting all the way, on the 14th of March the island was declared secured, but the battle still continued. Those guys were very hard to get along with and wouldn't ease up for a minute. They were great for infiltrating through our lines and popping us off one by one. These snipers were very hard to find and kill and they could stay put for several days. They didn't take much to eat. Instead of regular rations such as we had, the food they ate

looked similar to our oyster crackers, and it seemed to take them a long way.

"Another one of their favorite tricks was 'playing dead.' Take this for instance: One hid himself with about eight or ten dead Japs under this heavy canvas on the beach. With a small knee-mortar from there, he shelled our men for quite a while before we located him. I don't imagine he enjoyed being under there with all the stench and foul odor of dead men, but that just goes to show what a Jap would endure for the chance to kill our fighters.

"The fighting didn't stop until the 26th of March, 1945, and it was that morning that they made their final drive. It was a Banzai attack, a Jap word which means "three cheers" or "hurrah for the emperor." We were going to leave early that morning, but at about five-thirty A. M., we were awakened by gun fire and exploding shells. About two hundred Japanese soldiers had banded together, come out of the woods, and gone through the fliers' camp, shooting all the sentries and killing the fliers while they were sleeping in their tents. They had only hand weapons left—mostly hand grenades—for the pre-invasion bombardment had knocked out all their tanks and planes, but they really knew how to use what they did have and they put them to work to the best advantage. We hit back at their outfit and killed about a hundred and ninety-seven of them, but quite a few of our men were wounded too. In fact, the whole drive cost us more men than the Marine Corps had ever lost before.

"With our task completed, and the island in American hands, we left about noon that day and returned to Hawaii April 12, 1945. We were then supposed to go to Okinawa, but we were shot up too badly, so I was here when the war ended.

* * *

"I left for Japan as soon as the war ended and landed at Sasebo. We were the first troops ashore on Kyushu, the southern island, and when we got there it was more or less deserted. Most of the Japanese people had packed up and moved to the mountains, but after a couple of weeks, they straggled back in, when they learned they weren't going to be hurt.

"The feeling they showed toward us Americans was really surprising. For the most part they felt rather kindly, but, as was to be expected, there were certain groups who were very bitter. At first we had to keep our distance and weren't allowed to associate with them, but as time went on, we did pretty much as we pleased. It was forbidden also to drink any of their water or eat their food, but these regulations weren't kept very strictly and many broke them.

"All the countryside around Sasebo was flat and bombed to the nub. I was located about fifty miles from where the second atomic bomb hit, but I saw no effects of it around me.

"I learned a little about the Japanese language about two weeks before I arrived, so I got along fairly well. All the officers had the opportunity to learn, and most of them did. After a month there, we could speak fairly well, but

it was next to impossible to read or write any of their characters, which seemed more like hieroglyphics to me. That was a hopeless cause!

"The main task of the occupying forces was to get all weapons, check all military factories, etc., and dispose of them. In other words, anything to do with war had to be carefully wiped out. If there happened to be any uprisings, it was our job to see that they were put down, but the only thing that occurred like that was between the Chinese laborers and Japanese.

"As to the living conditions and customs of the Japanese, as you probably can imagine, they are very strange. Their houses have paper walls, sliding doors with little or no sanitation. This latter was a great hindrance to the U. S. Forces and we had to install our own sanitary system. The city itself was about the size of Nashville, Tennessee.

"All men, including young boys, had to wear a uniform, and the women had a set dress laid down by the militarists. No kimonos—as we picture Japanese dress—were allowed and no American-style dress. Everything was in a set style. The men had a good old American crew cut, and if a woman was married she had two plaits drawn around her head. If not, the braids hung loosely down on her neck, while the very little girls had our idea of a bowl hair-cut.

"Another amusing tradition of the Japanese is that every one becomes a year older on their New Year, January 1st, regardless of when he was born. Even if a child was born December 31st he would become one year old the next day.

"Japan is slowly getting back to normal, but it will probably take some time before it is completely so. I was in Japan from September until December. You really can't imagine how good it is to be home and have everything as you left it."



A Day of Blunder

By JEAN PHIBBS

*The clouds hang heavy o'er the sky;
The sun has not peeped through.
There seems to be a shadow cast
O'er everything I do.
If I could only quite forget,
And start the day anew!*

*Each task I tried has failed, it seems;
The things I've said were wrong.
Each place that I have tried to go
Is where I don't belong.
There's naught but trouble in my heart
Where there should be joyous song.*

*The cares seem more than I can bear
As I near the end of the day.
There's nothing I can do, I guess,
To drive the gloom away.
Except to dream about tomorrow
And hope it will be gay.*

Old Mexico

By HARRY TAYLOR



LONG day's drive; up and down glorious snow-peaked mountains, through green fertile valleys, around stately plateaus . . . on and on. Here and there a cloud, even lower than the road, making all the countryside look spectral. A sudden curve in the road; snow up ahead, snow that had been there since the beginning of time, never to melt. Immortal snow! Another curve; down far below in a green-treed valley, looking almost lavender in the morning sunlight, a quaint little village with its merchants, doctors, blacksmiths and burros. Yes, burros, for every Mexican has his burro. The texture of the streets stands out clearly: stores, side by side, stores that had been there since the village, stores that were always to be there. Life goes on and on in old Mexico. No changes. Little Carlos does as his father did, and his descendants will continue in the same routine from one generation to another. The old ox cart, with its rusty wheels, rumbles up the street, while the women walk behind carrying warm colorful serapes wrapped around them; some even carrying baskets balanced securely on their matted black hair. We leave the village by a good road—an unusual sight—and proceed towards Mexico City. More beautiful scenery with even higher mountains closes in on all sides. You're up—up ten thousand feet! In the distance we see the city—Mexico City! We enter it by another good road, and note the modern architecture of the many buildings there. Ahead is a huge structure—the Palace of Fine Arts. To the right is an open park with a large pavillion, where each year the Mexican girls and their lads dance the traditional promenade. We leave this fair city by the light of a silvery moon and drive on till morning. The sun rises making the beautiful landscape even more beautiful, as we come to another city—a city of four hundred persons, with three hundred and sixty-five churches! Our road winds on and on; we see temples, pyramids, shrines and caverns. Now our road leads up the coast, as we come to colorful Tampico, where we splash in the blue, blue ocean whose white-capped waves roll on and bid us good-bye from Mexico.

"All's Right With the World"

Spring and Autumn

By LYNTON GOULDER

*Spring is just a girl so merry,
Who wakes herself on a sunny day
And rises from her dreamland's ferry.
She combs her hair in neat array;
Then adds a bow of yellow and green;
Next puts she on a verdant dress
And soon in her dappled cape is seen.*

*Autumn is an unhappy boy
Whose mother has called to come to bed,
Who sadly puts away each toy
For the morrow, and goes to his crib, well-fed.
His mother tucks him away for the night,
And soon his sleepy eyes fall shut
To be opened by springtime's golden light.*

The Wind

By PATSY WILSON

*The wind that howled in forty-five
Returned again this year,
That wind that blew your hat in the street
And caused the men to jeer.*

*That wind now whistles through the trees
And sends up all the kites.
It dries the clothes on ev'ry line
But moans like ghosts at nights.*

*That wind will come in ev'ry March
And make the shrubs bow low;
But what a dreary world we'd have
If the wind did never blow.*

The Adventurer

(A Legend of the Dismal Swamp)
By ED TOTT



AUL JAMISON was a well-known and respected citizen in his county and state. Since his father's death, which had occurred fourteen years before, he had married Laura Meadows and taken her to the beautiful plantation of Malvern Hundred, home of the Jamisons since the pre-revolutionary era.

Aside from his devotion to Laura and the home, he had a hobby. Often one would find him deep in conversation with some aged darkey, from whom he would collect

old tales and stories, both true and otherwise. But as I have said, this was just a hobby and nothing else. Then it happened.

Somewhere Paul heard the weird legend of the Mist Maid of Lake Drummond, which is deep in the heart of Dismal Swamp. As the story goes she could be seen during the full moon preceding the turning of the leaves. Determined to learn more of this strange vision, he ventured to the outlying communities near the swamp. He sat in on cracker-barrel conversations, warming his feet, taking notes. This went on all winter. Never before had his lust for adventure burned him as this tale of the Mist Maid. Some day Paul Jamison would emerge from the swamp knowing the truth of this matter.

It was late in April when Laura was laid to rest in the family vault beside the parents and ancestors of her broken-hearted husband. The light station wagon, the slick April roads, the curve so sharp near Dunstan's store left a deep impression. It was all over so quickly, and now Paul was all alone.

Malvern Hundred was just a rambling old home now, with a few thousand acres of colorless grass, and it was spring. The light burned low and late in the south wing, and passing neighbors were saying that Paul Jamison would never see another spring, for surely he would pine away and die of a broken heart.

Paul knew this too; he knew he must leave the plantation for a while. He must try to forget the things that reminded him so much of his lost wife. War-



time restrictions had curtailed the trans-ocean travel he had been accustomed to in the summers of his youth before his marriage.

One evening after Old Frederick, the darkey butler, had served dinner, and Paul was in his study pondering over his collection of tales, there appeared his most worked over collection about the Mist Maid. Surely he had never been there—in the Dismal Swamp.

The next few weeks were spent in preparation for his venture into the deep unknown. Veiled in mystery and silence, known to few men, lies the Dismal Swamp, waiting like an animal ready to devour whatever comes within its grasp.

The wildcat's scream pierced the air of the night like a swift arrow. The loon's lonesome call drifted across the lake. These things were magic to the ears and soul of Paul Jamison as he rested a few feet from the north shore of Lake Drummond. Yes, this was what he needed, to be away from the memories of Laura—and once again to feel the taste of adventure.

August's full moon in all its glory stole from the depths of the swamp and rose through the cypress trees, and from far off came the cry of a heron. The moon's rays gleamed across the water, cast weird shadows and reflections on the canoe moored but a few feet away.

Would he really see the maid or was this some fantasy dreamed in the brain of some romantic hunter of long ago? Soon he would know. The moon was an hour high now. Until then there was no sign of a maid or mist. Suddenly Jamison's heart seemed to skip a beat!

Across the lake, a mile or more, there appeared a glow which seemed to float over the water toward him. Nearer it drew until it stopped scarcely a half-hundred yards from where he was. Out of this glowing there stepped a maiden, dressed in a gown which shone like a pearl. Jamison stood transfixed, scarcely daring to move. Then the maid seemed to disappear into her mist and float back over the moonlight waters of Lake Drummond.

In an instant Paul was in his canoe, gliding swiftly as a moccasin over the waters after her. Whereupon she appeared once more and beckoned to him, and the wine colored waters of Lake Drummond fairly churned behind the paddle, but she was always a few yards from him.

At the south shore of the lake she paused and turned to him. Not ten feet from Paul she stood. His blood ran cold; he went numb with excitement and shock. The Mist Maid was Laura Jamison!

Blindly he surged ashore, but she retreated into the swamp. Beckoning to him, she said, "Hurry, Paul, Old Frederick has dinner waiting." Paul raced into the swamp and jungle after his bride. Laura was calling him; Malvern Hundred would be happy once more.

Late in the following April the local newspapers carried the following article:

"Trapper Finds Bones of Man in Swamp.

"In the heart of Dismal Swamp, John Cleets, a local resident and trapper, stumbled upon the remains of a man, twelve miles south of Lake Drummond.

"It is believed that these may be the remains of Paul B. Jamison, prominent man of the state and of Malvern Hundred Plantation, who disappeared in the swamp last August.

"Positive identification has not been made as yet, but a thorough investigation is being made by state and local authorities."



Thank You

By BEVERLY LEWIS

*Each year we come upon that thankful day,
When all our gifts with happiness we bring,
To thank the One Who gives us in His way,
So many blessings which help make us sing.
We thank Him for the peacefulness this year
For which we fought in battle and in strife;
Peace gained, with loss, which cost us many a tear,
And made our boys begin to build new life.
We also thank Him for the day and night,
And for the rain and snow, the farmer's friend;
The trees and birds to children bring delight;
For these we thank Him 'til we reach day's end.
Why do we stop when Thanksgiving Day is o'er,
When what we should do is give thanks more and more?*

Prayer on V-J Day

By CAROLINE BRUNER

*For years the world has been engaging,
In brutal war that long has been raging;
But now there's hope of greater peace,
Hope that now all wars will cease,
Hope that now sweet peace will reign,
And all from cruelty will refrain.
Before our happy throngs rejoice,
Let's lift to God with humble voice
Our thanks for this momentous day:
"Oh God, with joyous heart we pray,
That now no righteous blood be shed;
O, bless those boys for us who bled.
Be with the mothers, fathers, wives,
Of men who for us laid down their lives.
Remember now, you joyful throng,
The many folks whose happy song
Will end in hot remembering tears,
Of reality taking place of fears.
Oh, bless the boy under each white cross,
And those who under the waves were lost,
For they were boys who willed this day;
Oh, bless them, keep them, God, we pray.
Our thanks to Thee for victory won.
We pray that lasting peace has begun."*

A Petersburg Joppolo

By FRED FLETCHER

“**B**EING a healthy and happy civilian” is the only immediate expressed ambition of former army captain, Melvin Lubman.

This answer came without deliberation and undoubtedly came direct from the heart of this tall, handsome individual. Proudly displaying the emblem of discharge that clung to his lapel, this modest fellow flowed freely with answers to the questioning on his military experiences.

Like many conscientious young men all over this great land, Lubman became indignant over the unprovoked Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. A strong sense of duty burned within him and on December 9, 1941, student Lubman became Private Melvin Lubman of the U. S. Army. Sent to Fort Bragg, N. C., he soon became well accustomed to army life. The attractive opportunities open to ambitious army privates soon came his way, and Lubman, ever anxious to succeed, wisely took advantage of them.

The first of these took Lubman to the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, a field artillery instruction center. “It was a tough course, but I pulled through O. K.”, he recalls. It was at Fort Sill that his superlative qualities of leadership were revealed. This distinction aided in great measure the achievement of even more admirable success in his overseas assignments.

Thus in October of 1944 Captain Lubman was sent overseas to England where he was engaged in activities similar to those he had performed in the States. While in the British Isles he became acquainted with many native Britons. He freely admits his faith in the English populace to whom he refers in a most friendly fashion. “I have the highest regard for the English people. I think they will go a long way in the world if they are given half a chance,” he reports.

“Their contribution to the war effort will never be truly known,” he remarks. “They are, in my estimation, one of the greatest people in the world. It took courage to endure what those people took, and no one knows what it



took to come back as they did. I have the utmost faith in their ability and their word," he reiterates.

Many times he was invited into their homes, or what was left of them. "The people just couldn't seem to do enough for you. I admire people of that type; it's a pity there aren't more of them," he says. Melvin states that he saw many demolished buildings which lay in shambles devastated by V-bombs and other German explosives. This sad state of courage against imminent death prevailed throughout the seventy-one days he remained in England and yet despite this condition, he recalls, "I never once heard a person express a lack of confidence in the ultimate victory."

Then came the battles of Europe which by now had reached the borders of Germany. Captain Lubman was attached to the ninth army under Lt. General Simpson, which had been assigned to the northern sector of the German front. "I was engaged in hardly any fighting to speak of, but we did come in for some action," he reveals.

The war progressed with unexpected rapidity and at long last it ended—the hopes of mankind had at last been fulfilled. Lubman related with an evident tone of regret that advanced units of the ninth in which he was serving came to within twenty-five miles of the German capital.

"We had hoped to go into Berlin just like all the armies," he admits, "but the Russians got there first." When asked about his impression of the Russians, he said, "I really can't be too sure. You see, I saw only a few. They came up to our unit and looked around a bit. One thing I did notice was the quietness of their soldiers; they just came and went, just business-like."

The group later journeyed to Nuremburg which "impressed all of us." With the organization of the American Military Government, A. M. G. O. T., leaders were required and Captain Melvin Lubman definitely reached the standards. "I was assigned to govern six small German towns. None of them exceeded four thousand in population and none bore any particular significance, but they did represent the German people," he recalls.

The particular impression that fell on his mind was the arrogance of the people who for years had been indoctrinated by the Nazis. "They professed literally no guilt at all. They took the idea that they had lost a battle, not a war. Always there seemed the feeling that they had been cheated by the generals, not the Nazis," he states.

On several occasions Lubman was forced to rule on disorders or render a decision on some local disagreements, and in each instance the accused Germans conducted themselves in the same manner. Never was there admitted any guilt or even a bit of sorrowful feeling. In each case the complacency of the German was evident.

In reply to the question, "What single impression would you say lingers most often in your memory?" he remarked, "The destruction of the large German cities really impressed me. Everywhere I went I saw buildings laid in waste. It was really awful. No one could ever conceive of the immense damage wrought by our air forces. It was unbelievable even to imagine that these masses of shambles were once cities." This seemed to unfold as a true eyewitness description of a vivid picture.

While in Germany in the services of the military government Captain Lubman formed definite convictions concerning various questions. His ideas on the success of occupation are essentially the same as those expressed by most of our military leaders. "I see no reason why this can't be worked out in a satisfactory way," he said, "but I do feel that a mass re-education for the Germans should be started." The Germans have undoubtedly undergone a great change and must of necessity be converted to a satisfactory state of organization.

Lubman seemed particularly emphatic about the uselessness of the current talk of our imminent war with Russia. "Why should we fight Russia?" he asks. "It's just plain silly. We need them, and by all means they need us."

Being a mayor of foreign cities is, of course, extremely fascinating to anyone, but after four years of uninterrupted army life, the novelty of civilian life is much more appealing. This is the opinion of our friend Lubman and no one could conscientiously deny him this feeling. So it remained evident that when war ceased so would his military service. This desire missed by days of becoming a realization, for his unit had been destined for Pacific duty, and this trip to the other front was cancelled only by the cessation of hostilities in that area that ended World War II.

Back in the United States again Lubman rapidly reverted to civilian status and after a period of recreational rehabilitation he returned to his old stand at the University of Richmond. Though at first he elected to prepare for the field of journalism, he is not now quite certain what he will do.

In any event we are confident that this ambitious young fellow, who is extremely likable and profoundly conscientious, will succeed in whatever he seeks to do. Petersburg and the Petersburg High School are indeed proud of this son and take pleasure in claiming his residence here.

Never Again

By CHRISTINE SHEPHERD



HERE is really nothing so unusual in walking into a hotel dining-room at the last stroke of nine, but if all those sun-broiled people, with their glaring eyes, had known to what ends we contrived to be at the last step at that exact moment, perhaps they would have stared even a little harder. And even if they did stare at our crimson and gold cheering letters gleaming out so brightly on those sharp looking dubonnet sweaters; even if they did stare at our stringy plaited hair and our lobster-red faces, clashing a bit with our attire, what did we care? It was a beautiful day at Virginia Beach, and we didn't have a care in the world. Well, not yet, anyway.

A little fatigued by our mad dash to get everything done on schedule so we would be sure to get to breakfast on time, we walked as graciously as possible to our table, wondering if it was because we were so striking looking that we attracted so much attention.

Well, hardly! All of a sudden, I saw "T. T." cast a sickening smile in my direction and I wondered what in the world she was up to. An attractive young hostess approached our table and asked if we would mind too much going back to our rooms and slipping into our shoes! It didn't seem as if we could get out of there quickly enough. Jean was pushing me, I was pushing "T. T.", but she couldn't seem to make those short, fat feet go any faster.

Instead of walking back in, I would say we more nearly crawled, and having returned, it was then that I noticed that a strange, but stylish looking lady had joined us. There was nothing unusual about this, as the cottage was crowded, and many guests were doubling up, so I at once engaged our new friend in conversation. Since we were on very friendly terms in no time at all, she innocently inquired of me if I had read the recent, well-known novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." I uttered more or less a silly giggle and said I had skimmed through a few pages, but that was enough for me. After this revealing statement, much to my horror, embarrassment, mortification, and any other word possible to think of, I learned that the person whom I had been addressing, as you may have guessed, was Betty Smith, the author of the book I had been ridiculing.

She really took the remarks very well; much better than I, I'm afraid. I choked on my egg and trying to wash that down strangled on my milk, which by this time tasted a little sour. I excused myself hastily and retreated to my room where I remained for the rest of the day for fear of encountering my "friend" again.

That, I must admit, is a morning never to be forgotten, and from that day to this, I make it known that I'm no critic of recent literature.



Miss Ann McIlwaine Cooper



Mr. Howard Freas

"Servants Who Made Service Seem Divine"

MISS ANN McILWAINE COOPER

If one would stop to trace the history of the Petersburg High School, he would immediately associate with the development of the biology department the quiet personality of Miss Ann McIlwaine Cooper. With the exception of a few years, Miss Cooper spent her entire life in Petersburg, teaching for many years at the Petersburg High School.

Miss Cooper was educated at Southern Female College and at the Petersburg High School. Upon graduation from P. H. S., she began private tutoring in Fauquier County. After a year, she returned to Petersburg and, for a short time, taught at Mrs. Shepherd's School. From there she began teaching in the elementary grades of the Petersburg Public School System. Soon she transferred to the Petersburg High School, where she taught until her death on July 4, 1944.

Early in her teaching experience, Miss Cooper decided to major in biology. For several summers, she attended the University of Tennessee and the University of Richmond, but most of her studying was done at Columbia University. Under her leadership the biology department grew and expanded into what it is today.

Miss Cooper was devoted to nature and carried her classes on many nature hikes. Because of her interest in her students, she organized several biology clubs. She built the foundation for many pupils who have entered the medical profession, either as doctors or nurses.

Miss Cooper was greatly interested in civic and church affairs. She was a member of the University Woman's Club, president of the Anna P. Bolling Foundation, and a life-long member of Tabb Street Presbyterian Church.

Miss Cooper will always be remembered by her pupils for her kindness, sweetness, and sincerity.

MR. HOWARD FREAS

When one thinks of the French Department of the Petersburg High School, he immediately remembers the name of Mr. Howard Freas, who for twenty-nine years taught French, German, and history at this school.

Mr. Freas was born at Hughesville, Pennsylvania, on April 19, 1883, and was educated at the Baltimore City College in Baltimore. He received his A. B. degree from Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. In 1906, he began his teaching profession at the Lindsey Military Academy, Wheeling, West Vir-

ginia, teaching there for one year. Next he went to Millersburg Military Institute at Millersburg, Kentucky, in 1908, where he taught until 1915. During the year of 1915-16, he was on the faculty of Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, Long Island. After this, he came to Petersburg where he taught until his death on July 24, 1945.

Mr. Freas traveled widely. For twenty-three summers, he went abroad, visiting extensively many of the countries of Europe, principally France and Germany. While in France, he studied at the University Sijon, Paris, and at the university at Besancon. He was overseas about the time World War II broke out and returned to this country on the Bremen's last voyage.

A great lover of music, Mr. Freas was organist at Grace Episcopal Church and a member of the American Guild of Organists. At one time he was regent, another time secretary, and several times treasurer of the A. G. O. He was active in the Petersburg Music Club and also was a member of the Musician's Club of Richmond.

Mr. Freas gave numerous talks concerning his visits abroad. He was a most interesting and humorous speaker, once introduced as "the one person who can hold the P. H. S. auditorium spellbound." His French classes were exceedingly enjoyable because of his witty anecdotes and stories of French life—the life he had seen and grown to love. He always seemed to be getting into interesting situations and had a wonderful way of telling about them. He was a master at holding one's attention. Through his classes, Mr. Freas built a great foundation for those who later continued their languages at college.

While in France, Mr. Freas had an old Frenchman come to visit him frequently in order that he might practice French conversation. Since the beginning of the war, as a gesture of kindness, he often sent the old man's widow boxes of soap, tea, and coffee.

Wherever he was, Mr. Freas was very popular and had many friends, both rich and poor. Those who knew him well never forget his wit, his unique personality, his mastery of French, and his humorous stories.

Love

By EVELYN EADES

*Love is sometimes a glowing flame
Entangled in the depths of our hearts;
It slowly burns and long remains
With the same warm touch with which it starts.*

*Love is sometimes a fiery blaze
That crackles with a mighty noise;
Just for a short time does it last,
And then in a blaze itself destroys.*

Blind Love

(Based on a real episode)
By MARTHA WOODS



BEFORE beginning my story, I suppose I should tell you something about myself. I'm really not at all different from any other G. I., but I felt a little luckier than the average guy in my outfit that May evening in Nancy, France, because I had been invited to live with the Mayor. Of course, many of the fellows stationed there lived with French families who received them as they would their own son. But I was to stay with the Mayor.

I arrived in time for dinner and was greeted most cordially by a French maid. Soon my host appeared, a jolly little fellow with the usual gesticulations of a Frenchman. He introduced his wife with justified pride, as she was, though middle aged, a truly beautiful woman. They both spoke English fluently, which immediately made me feel at home. We had a chat over some excellent wine before the maid announced dinner. Then, as we arose to dine, I chanced to glance up at the spiral staircase. Descending was the most gorgeous creature my eyes had ever beheld. Her gown was of fleecy white clouds; her hair as black as the raven's wing; her lips full; her eyes as lucid as dew drops. I stood wondering whether this was a fantasy or an angel come to earth.

"Paulette, I want you to meet Joe Morgan," my hostess, Mrs. Duvand, said.

Paulette extended a small white hand which I shook too vehemently. The meal was delicious, but I could not enjoy it to the fullest, for what man could think of food when a woman so enchanting was at his side?

After dinner Paulette seemed strangely restless and asked at an unusually early hour to be excused.

"But, my dear," Mr. Duvand pleaded, "aren't you going to play for our guest?"

At this Paulette seemed suddenly pleased and without further urging took her place at the piano. Her music filled the room and stirred my very



soul, but even then, with all its beauty, I felt the unrest in her, for the music grew increasingly louder until I was almost glad when she stopped. She then bade us all a hasty good night and retired. But long after she had gone her scent lingered and I felt myself under the spell of her intoxicating beauty.

In the days that followed I brought the Duvands (especially Paulette) many small gifts available only to G. I.'s and which were considered real luxuries by civilians. Paulette accepted them with seeming appreciation, but always she was indifferent and strangely aloof. Often when I tried hardest to amuse her she would become dreamy, and I could read from her eyes that her mind was far off. This was hard for me, a guy who had been considered fatal to the women back in the States, to find the one girl I really wanted and not be able to make her notice me. I tried everything from presents and attention to coldness and indifference, but all in vain.

One night I came in to find the house deserted. A note from Mr. and Mrs. Duvand was left stating that they had gone to a party, but for me to make myself at home. I took them at their word and went to the kitchen for a snack.

Suddenly I became aware of a low mumble, barely audible. It seemed to be coming from the basement and I decided to investigate. I opened the kitchen door and descended to a small landing; just below was another flight of stairs and at the end the basement door. I saw that it was partly open, and a light, probably from a lamp, shone through the cracks. I tightened my hand on my gun and started forward. Then a laugh tinkled forth, gay and frivolous. Though I had never heard Paulette laugh with such glee, I knew unquestionably it was she. I took a few steps forward and looked into the cellar. The whole room was in view now, and Paulette stood in the far corner in the arms of a German soldier. All coldness had vanished and she was smiling, starry-eyed, like any other girl in love.

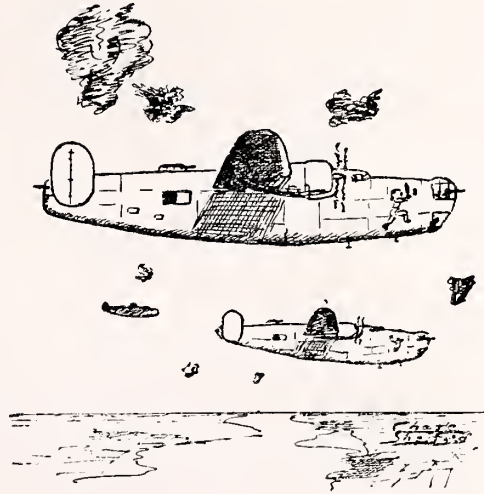
My hardest duty as a soldier came then. I knew I must arrest this enemy, and I knew that I would never again see anything but hatred and contempt in the eyes of this French girl whom I loved so dearly.

Destination: Berlin

By MARILYN GEISELMAN



ON a beautiful spring day in 1944 the 490th Bombardment Group left West Palm Beach, Florida, and proceeded to England by way of the Southern route. The outfit passed through Trinidad, South America, and Africa. Then crossing the tip of Spain the group flew to Scotland where they arrived early on a lovely May morning. The dew was still fresh on the flowers, and the verdant landscape reminded Staff Sergeant Herman Tyler of home. Having stopped only for a refuel, they headed for the assigned bomber base at Disk, England. After two weeks of training, the group was assigned to the Third Division of the Eighth Air Force.



From May until October the crew of Little Iron Pants, Tyler's plane went on thirty-five missions over Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Czechoslovakia.

On October 15 at 2:00 A. M. the crew of Little Iron Pants was called for a briefing. Their target was scheduled to be Big B. In several hours they were on their way; destination: Berlin!

After six and a half hours of formation flying the group hit the initial point. Over the inter-communications system of the plane came the warning of Jerries. Up ahead of the group there appeared a black cloud of flak. Under this cloud lay their target. As they entered the target area, number two engine conked. All around them were little black spirals of smoke as one after another of the planes was hit. Little Iron Pants moved up, taking the lead. The bombs were dropped, and then they headed back for the home base. The results of the mission were reported successful and several days later the entire crew of Little Iron Pants was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for meritorious achievement.

After this mission the crew visited Scotland on a seven-day "flak" leave. They toured Edinburgh and visited many of its old landmarks. They found the Scotch quite friendly, especially the girls.

Staff Sergeant Herman Tyler spent seven months in England as a gunner on a B-24 and later on a B-17. During his stay there he made several trips to London where he saw the London Bridge, the famous Big Ben, and other historic spots.

Tyler said it was grand to be back in the good old U. S. A. "After the fog and rain in England, this Virginia weather suits me fine."

Herman is back in the Petersburg High School with his eyes on more peaceful goals than those of just a few months ago.



It Could Happen to You

By JO CAROL THOMAS



WHEN it comes to childhood diseases, I've had the it-can't-happen-here attitude for years. So I was both surprised and horrified one morning recently when my mother stared at me and said with her this-is-beyond-me tone of voice, "Darling, you have the measles!"

As I climbed unwillingly back into bed, I had no idea of what kind of week I was in for.

The most annoying factor of measles is that it does not leave the sufferer with even his vanity.

I remember when I had the flu I thought secretly that I looked like Poe's "Ulalume" or even "Annabelle Lee"; my healthy schoolgirl color had faded until at last I looked romantic and wasted and patient. But measles? Not content merely to disfigure the victim, they dissolve any opportunity for any such pleasant pastime as those you can indulge in with other illnesses.

Reading, writing, and anything in which you use your eyes are absolutely and definitely taboo.

Then too, the sufferer's artistic sense is constantly offended by chance glances in the mirror. In this case, avoiding the issue is one way of escaping it. Be sure to wear dark glasses at all times, and then if you must come face to face with yourself in the mirror, squint—to obscure your vision further, and the effect may not be too bad.

Above all, one has to remember that it is your beautiful soul which counts. I convinced myself that human dignity must not hinge upon the appearance, and so prevented a measles complex.

That old ballad, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," written by a man who loved his ill wife despite her changed appearance, was a comfort to me.

After lying awake nights with my measles, after facing myself in the mirror, and missing out on a week of school and fun, my measles was anything but funny to me. In fact, I was unprepared for the howls of laughter that greeted my restrained telephone announcements of my misfortune. And I should also like to impose my most severe verdict, a good stiff case of measles, on the happy souls who dared to gush, "Why, you poor lamb, you must look simply horrid." Sure, I looked horrid. I looked so horrid that my heart sank into my bunny-fur scuffs every time I was told about it.

Some of them sounded so enchanted by it all that I couldn't help feeling they were glad to get me off the market for a week.

To end on an even more cheerful note, measles has no compensations. You can get them as many times as you come in contact with them.

I have become a crusader on just one point. I believe most firmly that measles should assume the status of other respectable diseases. Just because no one ever died of three-day measles is no reason to ridicule the sufferers.

And remember, even if the mirror does reflect a nice, unmottled teen-ager complexion—it could happen here!



Balm in Gilead

By EDGAR GOLDSTON

Joys of a Summer Day

*As the whispering breezes so softly awake me
From nature's sweet sleep so abundant in treasures,
With the songs of small birds mother nature recalls me
To the verdant fields endowed with youth's pleasures,
Or down a strange road new paths to explore,
And around me urge sylphs, a thousand or more.*

*The sky in the east is crimson already,
And Aurora accompanies day with her beam;
So I turn down the path both familiar and steady,
And with fishing rod I soon reach a calm stream.
Hark! a melodious mocking bursts forth,
And prudently wings its way straight to the north.*

*Though the fish won't bite, but just nibble at first,
I don't mind it at all, just take off my shoes
And paddle the waves, and then quench my thirst
With the waters so cool. There's a searching for clues,
As a rabbit just vanished on opposite side,
And I kick in disgust, still no match for his stride.*

*A rare, multi-colored butterfly, flitting
From flower to flower, soon catches my eye,
And pursue I must! for there's nothing to sitting
While nature's parade of beauty goes by.
So I leave my post by the river's cool bank,
And the creature's soon caught in his innocent prank.*

*Sol, very weary, is nearing his plunge
Behind the low rolling green hills near my home,
As I start recouring my trip with a lunge
Through the fields, a haven for fowl, there to roam.
And I wonder how beauty so rare can unfold,
For the sunset is blanketing wheat fields with gold.*

The Wind

*How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
And list to the lulling lyrics of breezes;
'Tis like some swirling symphony free
In the air. It softly whispers and teases
The leaves on the tree, soon it summons me
And softly swishes my hair, then swoons,
But swiftly soars again through the boughs
And sounds its songs up to many moons.*

*A blaring, blatant trumpet call
With its brassy notes as it clearly floats
O'er hills remote, is wind's forward wall
Of approaching squalls; the fields of oats
Are scored in its wrath, and deplored in their fall,
As roaring, blust'ry, it bares like a knife,
And soars with fury to our abode,
Sonorously sucking the essence of life.*

*So soon the beauties which caught my attention
Are swept away as the sun's fair ray
Is snatched by storm clouds; the winds in convention
Swoop down, unmerciful, seizing their prey
Unaware. I sense a moaning, to mention
One sound, as the boughs are tossed and sprayed,
So complete a swerve from its sweeter tones,
Comparison makes my heart dismayed!*

Always Remembered

By WILLIAM LASALA

*We grew together, sharing in all,
Like brothers, as one we did rise or fall,
Till death called early, as it may;
Lord, why did You let him pass away?*

*We used to sit for hours, it seems,
And talk of all our secret dreams,
But I find myself alone today;
Lord, why did You let him pass away?*

*My cares were his, and his were mine,
Together we would laugh or pine.
Now fall our plans into decay;
Lord, why did You let him pass away?*

*This friendship's glow will never set;
A friend I never will forget,
And ever in my thoughts he'll stay.
Lord, why did You let him pass away?*

Noises

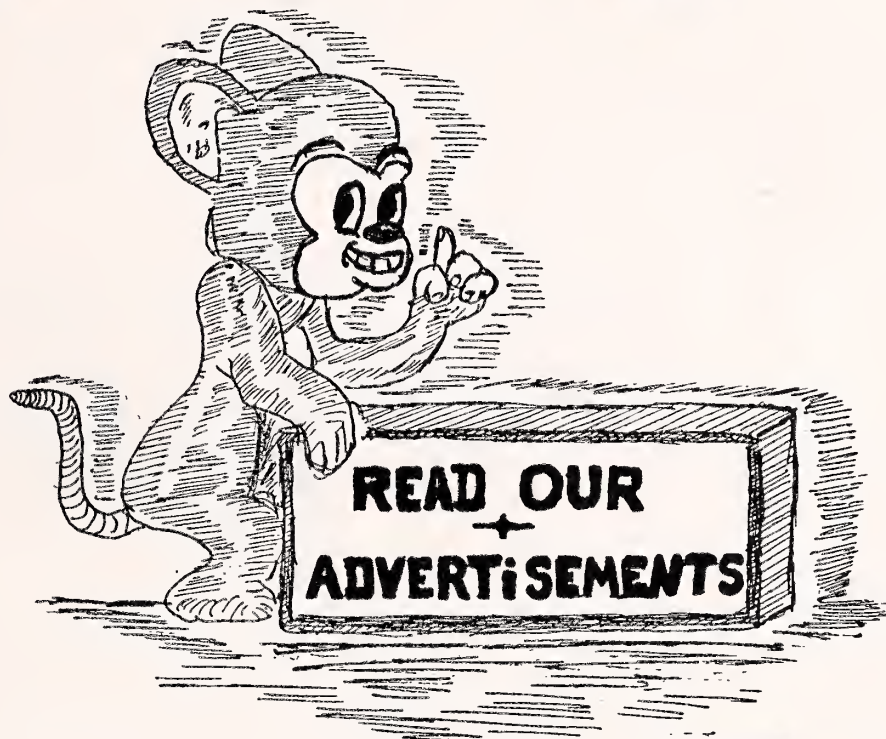
By JEWELL WINSTEAD

*A bird will start out in the morning,
To sing you a happy song;
While a frog cranks up in the dusk of evening,
And croaks the whole night long.*

*Now a robin sits in an apple tree,
And sings till his face is red;
While a bullfrog sits on a river bank,
And croaks till you wish him dead.*

*There is no better music to wake you,
Then a bird tuning up on a log;
And nothing better to keep you awake,
Than a bug-eyed old bull frog.*

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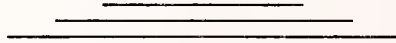
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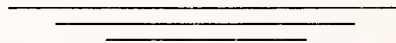
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